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THE CONSTELLATION.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XVII.

BECKETT'S SHRINE AT CANTERBURY.—It was built of the height of an ordinary man, all of stone, then upward of plain timber, within which was a chest of iron, containing his skull and bones: on the former was marked the wound whereby he received his death. The timber work on the outside was covered with plates of gold, damasked with gold wire, which ground was again covered with jewels set in gold, and rings, ten or twelve cramped with gold wire into the said ground of gold: the stones were of every precious kind, with pearls of an immense size, and formed into brooches, images, and angels. This rich spoil when carried from the shrine by order of Henry VIII. filled two great chests, such as six or seven strong men could scarcely carry away.

This shrine was the object of pilgrimage without end; a hundred thousand devotees have been known to visit Canterbury in one year; even crowned heads fulfilled this duty. Among others Louis VII. came over in 1179, in the disguise of a common pilgrim; he presented a valuable cup of gold, and also the famous jewel called the regal of France, which Henry VIII. afterwards wore as a thumb-ring. Louis granted the monks a hundred tons of wine, to be paid annually in Paris: he kept watch a whole night at the tomb, and in the morning requested to be admitted to the holy fraternity, in which demand he was indulged, together with Henry II.—*Stowe.*

CORNEILLE is thus described by his nephew Fontenelle:—"He was sufficiently large and full in his person; his air simple and vulgar, always negligent, and very little solicitous of pleasing by his exterior. His face had something agreeable, his nose large, his mouth not unhandsome, his eyes full of fire, his physiognomy lively, with strong features, well adapted to be transmitted to posterity on a medal or a bust. His pronunciation was not very distinct; and he read his verses with force, but without grace.

He was acquainted with polite literature, history, and politics; but he generally knew them best as they related to the Stage: for other knowledge he had neither leisure, curiosity, nor much esteem. He spoke little, even on subjects with which he was familiar; neither did he embellish what he said; and to discover the great Corneille it became necessary to read him.

He was of a melancholy disposition, something blunt in his manner, and sometimes he appeared rude; but in fact he was no disagreeable companion, and made a good father and husband. He was tender, and his soul was very susceptible of friendship, yet fierce and independent, it could never be managed, for it would never bend; this indeed rendered him very capable of portraying the Roman virtue, but incapable of improving his fortune. Nothing equalled his incapacity for business but his aversion to it; the slightest troubles of this kind occasioned him alarm and terror. He was never satiated with praise, although he was continually receiving it; but if he was sensible to fame, he was far removed from vanity.

MAD. DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.—Before she was fifteen, she is said to have "devoured" six hundred novels in three months,* and to have fixed on as many different characters for husbands as she had just been admiring romantic heroes. Love or caprice induced her at last to finish her indecision. Two years younger than Baron Stael, whom she considered from his modesty and timidity as a child of nature, she concluded, in her exalted train of thought, that destiny had sent him twelve hundred miles from his home to procure her that ideal happiness, on which she had so often meditated by day and dreamt at night.

The Baron had just (1782) appeared in Paris in the suite of the Count de Creutz as a *chevalier d'ambassade* from Sweden to the court of Versailles; he was in

his twenty-first year, and was considered one of the handsomest young men of that day.

In accordance, therefore, with the principles of her philosophical education, Mad'le Necker did not scruple to communicate to her parents her "invariable inclination and determined choice"; though at that period Baron Stael had not given her the least reason to believe, that his inclination and choice coincided with her own. To this observation of her parents she answered, that she would either live the wife of the handsome Swede, or, sooner than they expected, die a maiden; and, to convince them that she was as resolute as she had declared, she purchased a brace of pistols, wrote letters of adieu, and some philosophical discussions on the comforts and glory of suicide.

Previous to Baron Stael's departure from Sweden, he had been enamoured of a beautiful young girl, his second cousin, whom he had promised, as soon as circumstances permitted, to marry. Accordingly he wrote to inform her of the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and that his union with a lady whom he could not love, though it would make him unhappy, might be a measure to raise his family from that obscurity and distress into which they were plunged by poverty. His cousin, without any other answer, returned him his marriage promise, stained with her tears, and in seven weeks she was a corpse.—*Female Revolutionary Phutarch.*

HEW HEWSON.—In the year 1809 was interred, in the burial ground of St. Martin in the Fields, the body of Hew Hewson, who died at the advanced age of eighty-five. He was a man of no mean celebrity, though no funeral eulogies adorned his hearse, or his expectant graced his obsequies. He was no less a personage than the identical *Hugh Strap*, whom Dr. Smollett has rendered so conspicuously interesting in his *Life and Adventures of Roderick Random*, and for upwards of forty years had kept a hair-dresser's shop in the above parish. The deceased was a very intelligent man, and took delight in recounting the adventures of his early life. He spoke with pleasure of the time he passed in the service of the Doctor, and it was his pride as well as boast, to say he had been educated at the same seminary with so learned and distinguished a character. His shop was hung round with Latin quotations; and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintances the several scenes in *Roderick Random*, pertaining to himself, which had their foundation, not in the Doctor's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality.—The meeting in a barber's shop at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they experienced from Strap's friend, were all of that description. He left behind him an interlined copy of *Roderick Random*, pointing out these facts, showing how far they were indebted to the genius of the Doctor, and to what extent they were bottomed in reality. He could never succeed in gaining more than a respectable subsistence by his trade, but he possessed an independence of mind superior to his humble condition. Of late years he was employed as keeper of the promenade in Villiers' Walk, Adelphi, and was much noticed and respected by the inhabitants who frequented that place.

SINGULAR ANATOMICAL PREPARATION.—In 1775 died the wife of that eccentric empiric, Dr. Martin Van Butchell; and the singular mode employed for the preservation of her body, merits notice. On her death taking place he applied to Dr. Hunter to exert his skill in preventing, if possible, the changes of form usual after the cessation of life. Accordingly the doctor, assisted by Mr. Cruikshank, injected the blood-vessels with a colored fluid, so that the minute red vessels of the cheeks and lips were filled, and exhibited their native hue; and the body in general, having all the cavities filled with antiseptic substances, remained perfectly free from corruption, or any unpleasant smell, as if it was merely in a state of sleep. But to resemble the appearance of life, glass eyes were also inserted. The corpse was then deposited in a bed of thin paste of plaster of Paris, in a box of sufficient dimensions, which subsequently crystalized, and produced a pleasing effect. A curtain covered the glass lid of the box, which could be withdrawn at pleasure; and which box being kept in the common parlour, Mr. Van Butchell had the satisfaction of retaining his departed wife for many years, frequently displaying the beautiful corpse to his friends and visitors. A second marriage, some years afterwards, having occasioned some family difference, it was found expedient to remove the preserved body.

POPULARITY OF POETS IN THEIR LIFE-TIME.—Homer's glory depended upon his popularity; he recited—and without the strongest impression of the moment, who would have gotten the *Iliad* by heart, and given it to tradition? Ennius, Terence, Plautus, Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Sappho, Anacreon, Theocritus, all the great poets of antiquity, were the delight of their contemporaries. The very existence of a poet, previous to the invention of printing, depended upon his present popularity; and how often has it impaired his future fame? Hardly ever. History informs us that the best have come down to us. The reason is evident; the most popular found the greatest number of transcribers for their MSS., and that the taste of their contemporaries was corrupt, can hardly be avouched by the moderns, the mightiest of whom have but rarely approached them. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, were all the darlings of the contemporary reader. Dante's poem was celebrated, long before his death; and not long after it, states negotiated for his ashes, and disputed for the sites of the composition of the divine commedia. Petrarch was crowned in the capital. Ariosto was permitted to pass free by the public robber who read the *Orlando Furioso*. Tasso, notwithstanding the criticisms of the *Cruscani*, would have been crowned in the capitol, but for his death.

"It is easy to prove the immediate popularity of the chief poets of the only modern nation in Europe that has a poetical language, the Italian. In our own Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Waller, Dryden, Congreve, Pope, Young, Shenstone, Thomson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, were all as popular in their lives as since. Gray's elegy pleased instantly and eternally. Hisodes did not, nor yet do they, please like his elegy. Milton's politics kept him down; but the epigram of Dryden, and the very sale of his work, in proportion to the less reading time of its publication, prove him to have been honored by his contemporaries. I will venture to assert, that the sale of the *Paradise Lost*, was greater in the first four years after its publication, than that of the 'Excursion,' in the same number, with the difference of nearly a century and a half between them of time, and of thousands in point of general readers."—*Lord Byron in Moore's Life of B.*

GASSENDI.—He was, perhaps, one of the hardest students that ever existed. In general, he rose at three o'clock in the morning, and read or wrote till eleven, when he received the visits of his friends. He afterwards, at twelve, made a very slender dinner, at which he drank nothing but water, and sat down to his books again, at three. There he remained till eight o'clock, when, after having eaten a very light supper, he retired to bed at ten o'clock. Gassendi was a great repeater of verses in the several languages with which he was conversant. He made it a rule, every day, to repeat six hundred. He could repeat six thousand Latin verses, besides all Lucretius, which he had by heart. He used to say, "that it is with the memory as with all other habits. Do you wish to strengthen it, or prevent its being enfeebled, as it generally happens when a man is growing old, exercise it continually, and in very early life get as many fine verses by heart as you can: they amuse the mind, and keep it in a certain degree of elevation, that inspires dignity and grandeur of sentiment."

ECONOMY OF GEORGE II.—Passing through his chamber one evening, preceded by a single page, a small canvass bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, and one of them rolled under a closet door, in which wood was usually kept for his bed-chamber. After the king had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea; and guessing where it went, "Come," said he to the page, "we must find this guinea; here help me to throw out the wood." The page and he accordingly went to work, and in a short time found it. "Well," said the king, "you have wrought hard, there is the guinea for your labor, but I would have nothing lost."

SPEAKING AGAINST TIME.—The most successful, if not the most eloquent effort that Mr. Curran made at the bar, was in the defence of Patrick Finney, tried for high treason in 1798. It was also the most important, since the fate of fifteen other persons depended on it. The principal witness on this trial was the informer, James O'Brien, whose subsequent crimes rendered him so notorious in Ireland. This fellow had extorted money by assuming the character of a revenue officer, and Mr. Curran, with great skill, continued to make him develop his own character to the

jury, in the course of a curious cross-examination. But this was not sufficient: a witness necessary to prove O'Brien's perjury lived a few miles from Dublin; and in order to afford time for his being brought, it was agreed by Mr. Curran, that his colleague, Mr. M'Nally, should commence the prisoner's defence, and continue speaking as long as he could find a syllable to say. This he did with great ability until he was exhausted, and the evening so far advanced, that the court consented to a temporary adjournment; and before it resumed its sitting, the material witness arrived.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—When this work first appeared, a copy was sent by a friend to the facetious Dr. Money; who, opening the book by accident in the middle, was so captivated with the novelty and strength of mind of the author, that he read on from that point to the end. He then thought of going to sleep: but his curiosity was too strong to suffer this; and he again took up the book, and read from the beginning to the part at which he first set out.—*Foot's Memoirs.*

HABITS OF ADDISON.—His chief companions, before he married Lady Warwick (in 1716), were Steele, Bagdell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. He used to breakfast with one or other of them, at his lodgings in St. James's Place; dine at taverns with them; then at Bliton's; and then to some tavern for supper in the evening: and this was then the usual round of his life.—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT.

A Yorkshire Tale.

A Yorkshire clown, a sad unlucky dog,
As e'er put hand to plough, or drain'd a bog,
The parish parson chanc'd one day to meet,
But fail'd to 'doff his hat,' the priest to greet,
Whereat the churchman looking mighty big,
Addressed him thus, and awful shook his wig;
'An't you a pretty fellow, Sirrah? hey?'
'Yes, zur,' cries Hodge, 'so all the lasses say.'
'Rascal,' exclaims the priest, to phrenzy wro't,
'You saucy knave, you're better fed than taught.'
'That's true,' says Hodge, 'as any fool may tell,
'Because you teach me, but I feeds myself.'

An Attorney.—The following, from an old English Ballad, is a humorous and lively description of the "Dragon of Wantley," a rapacious and overgrown attorney:

This Dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws,
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

A letter passed through our Post office on Wednesday, from a town in New Jersey, with this poetical direction:—

To the State of Ohio,
Where the land is not barren;
To Goshen Post office,
In the county of Warren;
In the township of Salem,
Where hardy boys grow,
And the little Miami
Adjoining does flow.
So please Mr. P. M.
Send me along,
In haste and great care,
To Isaac Armstrong.

Paganini's donation.—The announcement of ten guineas from Paganini, at the anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians last week, was received with groans and hisses! After pocketing the enormous sum of £20,000 during his nine months in England, it was considered a paltry acknowledgement of the generosity of the English, and of the liberal support of the profession.—*Athenæum.*

A stalk of *rhubarb* was cut in the garden of Mr. John Tiffin, maltster, Cockermonth, on Saturday, the 10th inst, which grew in the open air, and measured thirteen inches in length, and circumference in proportion.

It is said that coal is now cheaper in London than it was ever known to be by any living inhabitant of the metropolis.

There are at present loading at Liverpool, 61 vessels for British North America, the tonnage of which amounts to 16,250 tons, and all Brit. vessels.—*Mar. 31.*

* This is a prodigious story. Nearly seven novels per day, supposes a voracity not easily to be credited. Ed. Con.

MISCELLANY.

From the Atlas.

SATAN REFORMER.

Politics, in England, when they run high, always invade to some extent the realm of poetry; and partisans say unhesitatingly in verse what they might be slow to express in the more direct language of prose. Some former examples have appeared in the Atlas: we now superadd one from Blackwood's thoroughgoing Tory Journal. His Satanic Highness (or Lowness) is conspicuous in much of the political writing of the present epoch—for which we cannot well account, except by supposing a prevalent belief that there is, to quote the current phrase, "the Devil to pay" in the management of public affairs. In quoting the narrative, we assume no part of its opinions.

PART I.

Satan laugh'd loud, when he heard that peace
Was sign'd by the Ruling Powers;
He was sipping his coffee with Talleyrand,
And he put down his cup, and he slapp'd his hand,
And cried, Now then the field is ours!

He pack'd his portmanteau—for England ho!—
Reach'd 'd'Alais—and sailing over
Look'd back upon France; for he sympathized
With a nation so thoroughly Satanized—
Till he landed him safe at Dover.

He had sported his tail and his horns in a land
Of blasphemy, vice, and treason,
The vast adoration of Monsieur Frog;
But in England, quoth he, I must travel incog.
At least till the "Age of Reason."

So his tail he tucked into his pantaloons,
With a Brutus, all silvering and hairy,
He hid his pared horns, or rather the roots;
And he look'd, with his boots in Wellington boots,
Like a Minister's Secretary.

As he travell'd to London, he stared about,
And it caus'd him some vexation
To see matters looking so very well,
But he went the first night to a noted Hell,
And it gave him consolation.

The Whigs left their cards as a matter of course,
For he'd letters of introduction;
And a very learned Gentleman Devil was he,
In Political Whig-Economy,
And gave them the best instruction.

They feasted him often at Holland House;
But he found so little to teach 'em,
They were such adepts in the art of misrule,
That he left them to lecture the Radical School,
Lest the Whigs should overreach 'em.

For that, quoth Satan, yet must not be,
And I hold it my chiefest glory,
If I make Whig and Radical coalesce—
And thus bring affairs to a daisiable mess—
Then adieu to the reign of Tory.

PART II.

So Satan he labour'd night and day
To unite their political rancour,
Shook hands with Carlisle, made Cobbett his pet,
Stoop'd down to the people, and flatter'd Burdett,
And gave taste at the Crown and Anchor.

Pamphlets he wrote, and he bribed the Press,
And it work'd to his special wonder,
And soon as he saw the dark sky to lower,
He bribed the Whigs with the hopes of power,
The rabble with hopes of plunder.

Thus Satan went on at a slapping pace,
A Radical volkicking fellow—
Wrote in the Chronicle, slaver'd o'er crimes,
And became the principal scribe in The Times,
And a dab in the "Blue and Yellow."

He prated of Parsons, Bishops, and Tithes,
Economy, Representation,
The Tories, the Debt, March of Intellect, Steam,
Of Aristocrats—and thus laid the deep scheme
Of perpetual agitation.

Republican plans, with a plausible air,
Put forth, growing bolder and bolder;
An acquaintance pick'd with the Treasury clerks,
And mended their pens, and alter'd their marks,
And look'd over the Premier's shoulder.

But his cunningest scheme was to urge the Whigs,
To urge the mobs to combine, sir,
To force on a Tory Government
Most devilish plans of mismanagement,
That the state he might undermine, sir.

To work they went, and the first on the list
Was the Currency alteration,
That increased debt and taxes fifty per cent,
By reduction of credit and profit and rent,
And beggar'd one half the nation.

Then the mortgagee seized houses and land,
And the widow and orphan daughter
Were thrust from their homes to the parish poor,
And the wolf was no longer kept from the door,
But the lamb given up to slaughter.

Then he broach'd Free Trade, and at once it set
The Satanic philosophers plotting,
It whipp'd off our wealth to foreigners' hands,
And forced back the poor on the burden'd lands
And it laid up our ships for rotting.

On our Colonies casting an evil eye,
Then Satan adopted a lingo
Conventicle-bred—and his Proselytes
Went stirring the blacks to murder the whites,
Like the devils at St. Domingo.

Then Satan he quoted Holy Writ,
And uprose the fanatical fry, sir,
And doom'd the poor planters to instant death,
And they raved, till e'en Satan drew in his breath;
They did so monstrously lie, sir.

PART III.

Now the country up, the country down,
And around in his vocation,
He travell'd by day and he travell'd by night,
And was very well pleased to see—all right—
And ripe for his AGITATION.

He had thoughts of sailing for Ireland,
To proclaim himself King in Munster;
But the devils are there so thick, quoth he,
And so stirring, they cannot have need of me,
And there's Moore—he will "Make the Fun stir."

If the King had his Viceroy—so had he—
And a Saintship of Holy Murther;
But to play off his game according to Hoyle,
He wrote a few orders to Doctor Doyle,
And then troubled his head no further.

Now the Whigs uprose in the Parliament House,
It was done at Satan's suggestion;
And the Tories gave way in an evil hour
To storm, and to threat, and Papistical power,
And ceded the Catholic Question.

But the pardon-cramm'd Papists the bolder grew,
All was murder, rape, and arson;
The land should be theirs—and no tithe they swore,
And the savages shouted—while dripping with gore—
Oh; 'tis only a Protestant Parson!

Satan leap'd for joy—he clear'd at a bound,
And they still shew the prints in proof, sir,
The whole London University,
And as he descended precipitously,
A professor he kill'd with his hoof, sir.

Then he travell'd afresh the country round,
Proclaim'd Ireland liberty's sample—
If he could but bring things to the very same pass
In England, including both murder and mass,
His success would be more than ample.

So he travell'd and travell'd, distributing Tracts
Through city, through town, through village;
Swore that governments were but public drains,
That the people should knock out the Parsons' brains,
And wages give place to pillage.

PART IV.

Now Satan set up for a parliament-man,
And scatter'd his bribe and bounty,
But the boroughs were close, and he could not get in,
Though he swore and he lied through thick and thin—
So he tried his luck at a county.

But fail'd a while, in his wrath he raved
Against Parliament, Peers, and Crown, sir,
And swore he'd ride in on the people's necks,
(He'd return'd his own Member for Middlesex,)
And would turn the House upside down, sir.

He scratch'd his head, and he bit his nails,
And his Council of Whigs assembled;
'Twas a capital hit—he utter'd Reform—
And the Devil himself never knew such a storm,
And the ground beneath them trembled.

Away went the sound through the troubled land,
And Satan blew loud the trumpet;
'Twas up with the Blackguard—the Gentleman down,
Peer, Parson, and Squire—up Ruffian and Clown,
Up brawler and brazen strumpet.

They call'd for the Whigs; and the Whigs for them,
In the name of the Sovereign People;
And they bow'd and they cringed to the beastliest mob,
All roaring to burn and to plunder and rob,
With the tri-colour over the steeple.

The Whigs came in and show'd Wellington out;
Then Satan, in all his glory,
Let loose the whole Press, with their blood-hound pack,
And he mounted Swing on a Treasury hack,
And hark in—to the death of a Tory.

Then Satan walk'd forth in the name of Reform,
To demand an illumination,
To honour the Whigs—and throughout the land
Incendiaries ran with the blazing brand,
For a general conflagration.

PART V.

Now Satan he met his friend Talleyrand,
And, quoth he, old boy, you're welcome;
Let us now put our heads together a bit—
Now, wasn't Reform a most capital hit?
Quoth the Frenchman, 'Tis very Hell come!

Quoth Satan one day to Talleyrand,
As their coffee they were quaffing,
'Twas a master-stroke, my dear Talley, to get
For a Ministry such a contemptible set—
That to think on I can't help laughing.

I'd have given, quoth Talley, a thousand pound
To have father'd the scheme—nor frudge it.
Then Satan he shook both his sides with glee,
And chuckling—The Impotent cripples, quoth he;
And oh! what a damnable Budget!

What breaking of treaties, of contracts, of laws,
What maniac legislation!
Pick'd out of the idiot-Philosophers' schools;
And a New Rule of Figures I furnish'd the Fools,
And they call'd it Fructification.

The People are lost—they are all gone mad,
Our schemes we are sure to carry;
And besides, quoth Satan, and twic'd his nose,
I've a friend at Court—but 'tis under the rose,
For the Chancellor's—THE LORD HARRY.

PART VI.

Then the Ministry clear'd the Parliament House,
Though none knew why or wherefore,
Except that the People might rage in the storm,
And send up their Delegates mad for Reform—
And that not a thing else would care for.

Then Satan he posted placards about,
To keep up Satanic delusion—
There was brickbat and bludgeon, for freedom and law,
You'd have thought that grim Satan had stirr'd with
his claw
The caldron of all confusion.

Then he wrote in the Times with more ardent rage—
His horns they stuck out of his forehead;
He hid not his hoofs—he untwisted his tail—
And it bang'd the poor Tories about like a flail,
And the blast of his breath was horrid.

Now the smithies of Brummagem bellow'd and roar'd,
Red-hot was the forge of Sedition;
And the bolts from the Unions were daringly thrown
At the Peerage of England, the Altar, and Throne;
—And the scoundrels pretended Petition.

Then Satan he organized Union mobs,
Marching under the tri-colour banners,
To insult and to bully their Citizen King,
And offend him, as hypocrite homage they bring,
Still more by their beastly manners.

PART VII.

The Delegates met for the bargain'd work,
And like "Mutes" they sat to strangle
The Constitution in Parliament;
And without was a raving rabblement—
All ready to cut and mangle.

The Bill of Reform, it pass'd one House,
But was knock'd on the head in the other,
For the Premier had dared to threaten the Peers,
And insult the Bishops with jibes and with jeers—
For his rage he could not smother.

Then Satan he chuck'd, the game went well;
But to humble so proud a railer,
He sent him a posse at dead of night,
And made him stoop down from his lordly height,
And cringe to a beggarly tailor.

Oh! now was the time for Satan's own reign,
With a Ministry all distraction—
So he set up a Brummagem Parliament—
And the edict went forth that the Peers' dissent
Was "The Whisper of a Faction."

Oh! how Satan rejoiced at the work assign'd!
As he enter'd the holy border—
The Bishops—the Bishops—ah, give them new light!
So a Palace he burn'd on the Sabbath night,
Ere the Bishop could "put it in order."

Oh! then it was Fire and Fury and Flame
Lighting up the Reformers' revels;
A city was burning and reeking with blood,
And the Burners dropp'd into the flaming flood,
Like blacken'd and tortured Devils.

Satan stood high upon Brandon* Hill,
With his fiery eyeballs glowing;
He bang'd the ground with his swinging tail,
And the Demons came round him, and cried, All hail!
See, see, how Reform is going!

Satan he stood in the blazing square,
In the midst of conflagration;
And shouted Reform!—the day's my own
I've won me on earth another throne—
And this is my Coronation.

Satan he stood by the gallows-tree,
When the noose was tied to sever
The living and dead, 'mid the orphans' groans,
He bent down his head to the widows' moans,
And shouted, REFORM FOR EVER!

* The hill commanding the city of Bristol.
† Queen Square, in which the Custom-house, EXCISE, and
upwards of forty houses were destroyed.

LOVE vs. DROWNING.

A STORY OF '98.

The writer represents himself as having taken up his quarters in the autumn of 1798, when the north of Ireland had become comparatively tranquil, at the grazing farm of a relative in the valley of Glen—, in Antrim. On the second day after his arrival, he was out on a fishing excursion, when he was suddenly overtaken by a storm. The story then proceeds as quoted, and shows that a "snowing-up," as described in a late number of the Atlas, is not the only harsh condition of the elements propitious to the genial influences of love.—*Ed.*

"I had scarce time to gather my clews and bobbins into a hurried wisp, and take shelter under an overhanging bank hard by, when down down it came, heavy, hissing, and pelting the whole river into spray.

I drew myself close to the back of the hollow, where I lay in a congratulatory sort of reverie, watching the veins of muddy red, as they slowly at first, and then impetuously flowed through, and finally displaced the dark spring water—the efforts of the beaten rushes and waterflags, as they quivered and flapped about under the shower's battery—the gradual increase of swell and turbulence in the river opposite; and lower down, the war which was already tossing and raging at the conflux, where

"Tumbling brown, the burn came down,
And roar'd frae bank to brae."

But why do I dilate upon an aspect thus wild and desolate, when I could so much more pleasantly employ my reader's and my own mind's eye with that which next presented itself? I confess, so pleasant was the contrast then, that I still, in recalling that scene to memory, prepare myself, by the renewed vision of its dreariness and desolation, for the more grateful reception of an image than which earth contains none lovelier—it was a lovely girl. She fled thither for shelter: I did not see her until she was close by me; but never surely did man's eyes rest on a fairer apparition. I have, at this instant, every lineament of the startled beauty, as, drawing back with a suppressed cry and gesture of alarm, she shrank from the unexpected companion who stood by her side; for I had startled from my reverie, and now presented myself, baring my head in the rain with involuntary respectfulness of gallantry, and half unconsciously leading her by the hand into my retreat. She yielded, blushing and confused, while I, apologizing, imploring, and gazing with new admiration at every look, unstrapped my basket, placed it in the least exposed corner, spread over it my outside coat, and having thus arranged a seat, (which, however, she did not yet accept,) retired to the opposite side, and reluctantly ceasing to gaze, gave up my whole faculties to wonder—who could she be? Her rich dress—velvet habit, hat and feathers,—her patrician elegance of beauty and manner, at once proclaimed her rank; but who could there be in Glen—above the homely class to which my host belonged? And his daughter, Miss Janet, was certainly a brilliant of a very different water. But, heavens! how the water is running down from my companion's rich hair, and glistening upon her neck with what a breathing lustre!—Oh, madam, let me entreat you, as you value your safety, use my handkerchief (and I pulled a muffler from my neck) to bind up and dry your hair. Wrap, I beseech you, your feet in my great-coat; and withdraw farther from the wind and rain."

One by one, notwithstanding her gracious refusals, I carefully fulfilled my prescriptions; and now knelt before her, taping the skirts and sleeves of my envied coat about the little feet and delicate ankles. Yet it seemed to me that she received my services rather with a grateful condescension, than, as I desired, with frank enjoyment of them. So, pausing a moment to account for such a manner, I recollected, and the recollection covered me with confusion, that I must have been, to say the least, as rough a comrade as any one need wish to meet with under a hedge; for, purposing to leave Ireland in another month for Germany, I had, during the last week, allowed my beard to grow all round; putting off from day to day the forming of the moustache, to which I meant to reduce it, and so had my face, at no time very smooth, now covered from ear to ear with a stubble, long, strong, and black as a shoe-brush. My broad-brimmed hat was battered and dented into strangely uncouth cavities, and the leaf hung flapping over my brows like a broken umbrella; my jacket was tinselled indeed, but it was with the ancient scales of trout; my leathern overalls were black-glazed and greasy; and my whole equipment bore, I must confess, the evident signs of an unexceptionable rascal.

Indignant at my unworthy appearance, I put myself upon my mettle; and after drawing my fair companion from her intricacies of shyness and haughtiness, succeeded in engaging her in the fair field of a conversation the most animated and interesting, in which it was ever my good fortune and credit to bear a part. She had at first, indeed, when I began by running a parallel between our positions, explained the circumstances of her being driven thither alone, in a manner so general, and with such evident painfulness of hesitation, that I had hardly expected a few slow commonplace allusions at the most. Such wit, then, and vivacity, tempered with such dignified discretion, as she evinced, when I turned the conversation from what I perceived to be perplexing, were by their unexpectedness doubly delightful.

Time and the tempest swept on equally unheeded; topic induced topic, smile challenged smile, and when at last, in obedience to her wishes, I looked towards the north to see whether the sky were clearing, I only prayed that it might rain on till sunset, when I might accompany her to her home, which, to my surprise, I learned was within a few miles, although I did not ascertain exactly where. My prayers were likely enough to be fulfilled; the sky was still one rush of rain—but, heaven and earth! the river had overflowed its banks above: a broad sheet of water was sailing down the hollow behind; and there we were, no human habitation within sight, in the midst of a tempest, between two rivers, with no better shelter, during the continuance of a Lammass flood, than the hollow of a bank which might be ten feet under water in an hour.

I ran down the back of the hill to the edge of the interposing flood; a stunted tree was in the middle, the fork of which I knew was as high as my shoulder.

er; a mass of weeds and briars was already gathered against it; the water had raised them within a foot of the first branch, then I might still ford a passage; no moment was to be lost; I ran back for the lady, but met her half-way in wild alarm, her head bare, her beautiful hair shaken out into the blast, her hands clasped, and her figure just sinking. I caught her in my arms, and bore her forward with all my speed; but before I again reached the sweeping inundation, insensibility had released her from the terrors of our passage.

I dashed in, holding her across my body, with her head resting on my shoulder; the first step took me to the knee. I raised my burden and plunged forward; the water rose to my haunches. I lifted her again across my breast, rushed on, and sank to the waist. I felt that I could not long support a dead weight in that position; so lowering her limbs into the water, I profited by that relief, and reached the tree.

The flood had now covered me to the breast, and the lady's neck and bosom were all that remained unimmersed. I leaned against the old trunk, and breathed myself. I raised her drooping head on my shoulder, and pressed my cheek to her forehead; but neither lip nor eyelid moved. I could not but gaze upon her face; it lay among the long floating tresses and and turbulent eddies, fair as the water's own lily, and as unconscious. My heart warmed to the lovely being, and I bent over her, kissing her lips, and pressing her bosom to mine, with an affection so strangely strong, that I might have stood thus till escape had been impossible, but that the rustling of the rubbish, as it crept up the rugged stump with the rise of the waters, caught my ear—a thunderbolt smouldering at my feet could not have sounded so horrible—all my fresh affections rushed back to my heart in multiplied alarm for the safety of their new-found treasure.

I started from my resting place, and swinging back the long hair from my eyes, once more breast the stream with clenched teeth and dripping brows. But still as far as I advanced the water grew deeper and deeper, and the current slid upon my shoulder, and twisted through my legs, still stronger and stronger. Lumps of black moss, dried peats, and heavy sods, now struck me, and tumbled on; while wisps of yellow grass and long straws doubled across my body and entangled me. My limbs wavered at every step; I strained and writhed then through the current. I gave way—I was half lifted—the river and the burn met not a hundred yards below—had I had the strength of ten men, I could not have supported her through that tumult—every step swayed towards the confusion of at least her existence; yet with love tenfold did I now press her to my heart, and with tenfold energy struggle to make good her rescue—her eyes opened—I murmured prayers, comforts, and endearments—she saw the red torrent around, the tawny breakers before, the black storm overhead; but she saw love in my eye, she heard it in my words; and there, within her probable death bed, and in the embrace of her probable companion in death, she was wooed among the waters, and was won. Another effort—but the eddy swung me round, and I had given up all as lost, save my interest in that perishing girl when suddenly I heard, through the dashing of waves and the hissing of rain, the hoarse cry of a man, "Courage—hold up, sir—this way, halloo!" I turned, half thinking it imagination, but there I really saw a man up to the breast in the flood, supporting with arms and shoulders a powerful black horse which he urged across the current. Another minute, and I stood firm behind the breakwater they formed at my side. My dear charge had again fainted; he assisted me to raise her to the saddle; but suddenly as he looked at her, he uttered a wild cry of astonishment, and kissing and embracing her, exclaimed, "My Madeline, my daughter, my dear child!—Why, sir, how is this?"

"Oh, sir, the river is rising a foot a minute—take the bridle, I beseech you, and let me support the lady and the horse's flank—I will explain all when she is out of danger." So saying, I laid my shoulder to the work and urged him on; we had an easier task, and in another minute succeeded in getting safe out of that perilous situation.

I now looked at our preserver; he was a handsome, tall, and vigorous man, about forty; evidently a soldier and a gentleman. He lifted his daughter from the saddle, and while I recounted the particulars of her adventure, unclasped her habit and chafed her forehead; but all was of no avail. He looked distractedly, first at his daughter and then at me; and after a pause of contending emotions, rose, laid her across the pommel, placed his foot in the stirrup, and turning to me said, "I am embarrassed by many circumstances—take my blessings for this day's help—and forget us."

"I can never forget." "Then take this trifling remembrance." He pulled a ring from his finger and handed it to me; he threw himself into the saddle, placed his daughter across his body, and crying, ere I could say a word for sheer amazement, "Farewell, farewell!" and once more, with some emotion, "Farewell, sir, and may God bless you!" put spurs to his horse, and dashed off at full speed for a pass which leads into the wild country of the Misty Braes.

How TO CATCH A LARGE TROUT.—We have heard the phrase "solitary angler," and having a solitary rest, we may as well fit it to the occasion. One of the Walton Club (also a Garrick) was boasting the

other day of an enormous trout he had caught, almost as large as that which shines in the last Exeter papers. It was a perfect wonder, and weighed fourteen pounds!! "Pray how did you catch it?" said a friend. "Why, with a fly." "Without the fly, I suppose."

MISS LONDON'S NEW WORK.

From the Atlas.

ROMANCE AND REALITY, by L. E. L., in two volumes. J. & J. Harper.—Miss Landon, in poetry, has acquired a very high reputation, from which her prose, we believe, will not detract. We have not read her new work sufficiently to learn the story, or to speak of it as a whole, but a hasty examination discovers many passages of great beauty—a poetic fancy, with much feminine acuteness of observation, and frequent indications of a philosophical turn of thought, not commonly looked for in such localities.

An extract which we offer in another place, will in part illustrate our position, and we here subjoin a paragraph in its further support.

"Hope destroys pleasure," is a sentiment expressed in her volume; and this unusual declaration is thus commented on by the authoress in a note. "This remark having been questioned by one to whose judgment I exceedingly defer, may I be permitted not to retract, but to defend my assertion. Hope is like constancy, the country, or solitude—all of which owe their reputation to the pretty things that have been said about them. Hope is but the poetical name for that feverish restlessness which hurries over to day for the sake of to-morrow. Who among us pauses upon the actual moment, to own, 'Now, even now, am I happy?' The wisest of men has said, that hope deferred is sickness to the heart; yet what hope have we that is not deferred? For my part, I believe that there are two spirits who preside over this feeling, and that hope like love, has its Eros and its Anteros. Its Eros that responds no fancy, and creates rather than calculates, while its Anteros lives on expectation, and is dissatisfied with all that is, in vague longing for what may be."

FEMALE LOVE.

"Emily was now in the happiest period of love—perhaps its only happy one; she felt a keener sense of enjoyment, a pleasure in trifles, a reliance on the present; her step was more buoyant, her laugh more glad; she felt a desire to be kind to all around, and her nature seemed all gaiety but for its sweetness."

"Love's first steps are upon the rose," says the proverb—"its second finds the thorn." Like the maiden of the fairy tale, we destroy our spell when we open it to examine in what characters it is written. In its ignorance is its happiness; there is none of the anxiety that is the fever of hope—no fears, for there is no calculation—no selfishness, for it asks for nothing—no disappointment, for nothing is expected; it is like the deep quiet enjoyment of basking in the bright sunshine, without thinking of either how the glad warmth will ripen our fruits and flowers, or how the dark clouds in the distance forebode a storm.

I doubt whether this morning twilight of the affections has the same extent of duration and influence in man that it has in woman; the necessity of exertion for attainment has been early inculcated upon him—he knows, that if he would win, he must woo—and his imagination acts chiefly as a stimulus. But a woman's is of a more passive kind; she has no motive for analysing feelings whose future rests not with herself; more imaginative from early sedentary habits, she is content to dream on, and some chance reveals to herself the secret she would never have learnt from self investigation. Inbued with all the timidity, exalted by all the romance of a first attachment, never did a girl yet calculate on making what is called a conquest of the man she loves. A conquest is the resource of weariness—the consolation of disappointment—a second world of vanity and ambition, sighed for like Alexander's, but not till we have wasted and destroyed the heart's first sweet world of early love.

Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girlhood is a beautiful season, and its love—its warm, uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment: after years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end, destroys its immortality; and thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings—the chances and changes of life's common-place employments and pleasures—and alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step—our divinity turns out an idol—we are grown too wise, too worldly for our former faith—and we laugh at what we wept before; such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter—than tears."—*Romance and Reality.*

BALLS AND PLEASURE.

"It is a fact, as melancholy for the historian as it is true, that though balls are very important events in a young lady's career, there is exceedingly little to be said about them—they are pleasures all on the same pattern,—the history of one is the history of all. You dress with a square glass before you, and a long glass behind you; your hair trusts to its own brown or black attractions, either curled or braided,—or you put on a wreath, a bunch of flowers, or a pearl bandeau; your dress is gauze, crape, lace, or muslin, either white, pink, blue, or yellow; you shower, like April, an odoriferous rain on your handkerchief; you put on your shawl, and step into the carriage; you stop in some street, or square; your footman raps as long as he can; you

are some time going up stairs; you hear your name, or something like it, leading the way before you. As many drawing-rooms are thrown open as the house will allow,—they are lighted with lamps or wax lights; there is a certain quantity of china, and a certain number of exotics; also a gay-looking crowd, from which the hostess emerges, and declares she is very glad to see you. You pass on; you sit a little while on a sofa; a tall or a short gentleman asks you to dance,—to this you reply, that you will be very happy; you take his arm and walk to the quadrille or waltz; a succession of partners. Then comes supper; you have a small piece of fowl, and a thin slice of ham, perhaps some jelly or a few grapes,—a glass of white wine, or *ponche a la romaine*. Your partners have asked you if you have been to the Opera; in return, you question them if they have been to the Park. Perhaps a remark is hazarded on Miss Fanny Kemble if you are a step more intimate, a few disparaging observations are made on the entertainment and the guests. Some cavalier hands you down stairs; you re-cloak and re-enter the carriage, with the comfortable reflection, that as you have been seen at Mrs. So-and-so's ball, Mrs. Such-a-one may ask you to hers."

There are many odd things in society; but its amusements are the oddest of all. Take any crowded party you will, and I doubt if there are ten persons in the room who are really pleased. To do as others do, is the mania of the day. I will tell you a story.

Once upon a time a lady died much regretted; for she was as kind-hearted an individual as ever gave birth-day presents in her life, or left legacies at her death. When they heard the intelligence, the whole of a married daughter's family were in great distress,—the mother cried bitterly, so did her two eldest daughters, as fitting and proper to do. The youngest child of all, a little creature who could not in the least recollect its grandmother, nevertheless retired into a corner, and threw its pinafore over its face. "Poor dear little creature!" said the nurse, "don't you cry too." "I'm not crying," replied the child; "I only pretend."

Regret and enjoyment are much the same; people are like the child,—they only pretend."—*ib.*

A STEAMBOAT SCENE.

"Every preparation was now made: one day more and they were at Dover, and the next they embarked on board the steam packet. Water has long owned man's power, and now 'bodiless air works as his servant,'—a dominion frail, perilous, subject to chance and change, as all human power must be, but still a mighty and glorious influence to exercise over what would seem to be least subservient to man's authority—the elements. Yet a steam boat is the last place in the world for these reflections; the ridiculous is the reality of the sublime, and its deck is a floor without spectators."

Lady Mandeville always lay down the moment she got on board ship; but Emily, who did not suffer at all, sat in the open travelling carriage, and indulged whatever sentiment she or Lord Mandeville might feel at parting with the white cliffs of Albion. Their attention was, however, too much taken up with their fellow passengers: a whiskered, chafed, and cigarred youth, with every thing military about him but the air;—a female in a dark silk, and plaid cloak, her face eloquent of ban-boxes and business—an English milliner going over for patterns, which, with a little additional trimming, would be the glory of her future show room.

But their chief attention was attracted by a family group. The father, a little fat man, with that air of small importance which says, 'I'm well to do in the world—I've made my money myself—I don't care if I do spend some—it's a poor heart what never rejoices.' The mother was crimson in countenance and pelisse, and her ample dimensions spoke years of peace and plenty-ness. Every thing about her was, as she would have said, of the best; and careful attention was she giving to the safety of a huge hamper that had been deposited on deck. Two daughters followed, who looked as if they had just stepped out of the Royal Lady's Magazine—that is, the prevailing fashion exaggerated in caricature. Their bonnets were like Don Quixote's epancheur, 'prodigious'—their sleeves enormous—their waists had evidently undergone the torture of the thumb screw—indeed they were even smaller—and their skirts had ample verge and space enough to admit of a doubt whether the latitude of their figure did not considerably exceed the longitude. Two small mean looking young men followed, whose appearance quite set the question at rest, that nature never intended the whole human race to be gentlemen. Blue coated, brass buttoned, there was nothing to remark in the appearance of either, excepting that, though the face of the one bore every indication of robust health, his head had been recently shaved, as if for a fever, which unlucky disclosure was made by a rope coming in awkward contact with his hat.

The wind was fair; and Lord Mandeville having gone to the head of the vessel, where he was engaged in conversation, Emily was left to watch the shore of France, to which they were rapidly approaching, when her meditations were interrupted by a coarse but good humored voice saying, 'I wish, miss, you would find me a corner on

them there nice soft cushions—my old bones aches with them benches.' Emily, with that best politeness of youth which shows attention to age, immediately made room in the carriage for the petitioner, who turned out to be her of the crimson pelisse. 'Monstrous pleasant seat,' said the visitor, expanding across one side of the carriage. Emily bowed in silence; but the vulgar are always the communicative, and her companion was soon deep in all their family history. 'That's my husband, Mr. H.: our name is Higgs, but I call him Mr. H. for shortness. Waste makes want, you know—we should not be here pleasuring if we had ever wasted. And those are my sons: the eldest is a great traveller—I dare say you have heard of him—Lord bless you! there isn't a hill in Europe, to say nothing of that at Greenwich, that he hasn't been up; you see he's a stout little fellow. Look, Miss, at this box—it is made of the *lather of Vesuvius*, which he brought from Mont Blanc; he has been up to the very top of it, miss. I keep it for bones bones.'

So saying, she offered Emily some of the pepper-mint drops it contained; these were civilly declined, and the box goodnaturedly admired, which encouraged—though, Heaven knows, there was not much need—the old lady to proceed. 'We always travel in the summer for improvement—both Mr. H. and I think a deal of learning: the boys have both been to grammar schools, and their two brothers are at the London University—only think, miss, of our city having a university—Lord, Lord, but we do live in clever times.'

Mrs. H. paused for a moment, as if overwhelmed with the glories of the London University; and conversation was renewed by Emily's enquiring what part of the Continent they intended visiting.

'Oh, we are going to Italy—I want to see what's at the end of it; besides, the girls mean to buy such a quantity of pearls at Rome. We intend giving a fancy ball this winter—we have got a good house of our own in Fitzroy Square—we can afford to let the young ones see a little pleasure.'

'May I ask,' said Emily, 'what is Mr. Higgs's profession?'

'Indeed!' exclaimed his offended spouse, 'he's not one of your profession sort—he never says what he does not mean—his word's as good as his bond through St. Mary Within, any day—professions, indeed! what has he ever professed to you? Emily took her most conciliating tone, and, as unwilling duellists say, the explanation was quite satisfactory. 'Bless you, silly soul! his business you mean. You are just like my girls—I often tells them to run for the dictionary: to see the blessings of education! Our children are a deal more knowing than ourselves. But Mr. H.'s business—though I say it that should not, there is not a more thriving soap boiler in the ward. Mr. H. wanted to go to Moscow for our summer tower (Moscow's the seaport which sends us our tallow)—but I said, 'Lord, Mr. H.' says I, 'what signifies making a toil of a pleasure?'

'You are,' said Emily, 'quite a family party.' 'I never lets Mr. H. leave me and the girls behind—no, share and share alike, says I—your wife has as good a right to go as yourself. Toften tells him a bit of my mind in the old song—you know what it says for women—that, when Adams was created,

'We was n't took out of his feet, sir,
That we might be trampled upon;
But we was took out of the side, sir,
His equals and partners to be:
So you never need go for to think, sir,
That you are the top of the tree.'

'Well,' replied Emily, 'I wish you much pleasure in Italy.'

'Ah, miss, it was my son there that put it into our noddles to go to Italy first. Do you see that his head's shaved?—it's all along of his taste for the fine arts. We've got his bust at home, and his hair was cut off to have his head and his bumps taken: they covered it all over with paste, just like a pudding. Lord! his white face does look so queer in the front drawing room—it's put on a marble pillar, just in the middle window—but, dear, I thought the people outside would like to see the great traveller.'

But all conversation was put an end to by the Calais pier, and all was now the bustle and confusion of landing; but, even while in the very act of seeing with her own eyes to the safety of the portmanteau which contained her husband's flannel waistcoats, Mrs. Higgs turned round to Emily to say, 'We shall be monstrous glad to see you in Fitzroy square? What is the popularity of a putout compared to that of a li-tener?'

At Calais they landed and spent the night—Emily, at least, passed it half awake: she was too young, and had led too unvaried a life not to feel in its utmost extent the excitement of arrival in a foreign country, a strange language, another clime, a complete change of daily habits—it was opening a new leaf in the book of life."—*ib.*

The iron steamboat lately made by Messrs. Fairbairn and Lillie, of Manchester, is now regularly plying on the Forth and Clyde canal.

We have pleasure in announcing a poem from the pen of Allan Cunningham as among forthcoming literary novelties. *The Maid of Elton* is the name, the scene is the Scottish border, and the time the early part of the reign of Queen Mary. A picture of pastoral and domestic life at that stirring period, when the religious struggle for the Reformation, and hostilities with England, brought so much of sorrow upon the land, must afford ample scope for the poetical talent of our estimable compatriot.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1832.

TEN UPON ELEVEN.

We some time since related a story of a jockeyed Frenchman. As an offset, we now give one of a jockeying Frenchman. This, like the former, turns upon the sale of a horse; and also, like that, has its scene away South.

Mons. Jarvais, the Frenchman, had a steed for sale, which he recommended as "one ver fine hanimalle—one horse elegant extraordinaire."

"How old do you call him?" asked the purchaser.

"How old?" said the Frenchman—"Vy, sare, he is sunsen like ten upon eleven."

"Not older?"

"No, sare, he is no oldair vat I telly you."

"On your honor?"

"Oui, sare, on me ver sacre honor, vat me telly you is de trute—he is no oldair as ten upon eleven. Me no sheaty you aver de azghe de horse. He is no more as vat I tell you."

The horse was purchased, under the full belief that he was no more than ten or eleven years old. But the new owner was a short time afterwards told, by a judge of horse-flesh, that he had got monstrously bit by the Frenchman in regard to the age of the steed, which was at least twice as old as he had purchased him for.

Upon this he went in a great fury to the Frenchman, and exclaimed—

"Confound your lying French tongue! that horse is twice as old as you said."

"Sare!" exclaimed Jarvais, with well feigned astonishment.

"Sare!—I'll sare you—you lying, smooth-tongued scoundrel."

"Me lie! Me one scoundrell!—Vat for you accuse me, sare? ha!—You is one lie yourself—you is one grand impudence. Be gar! you come here to cuse me for lie! Be gar!"

"You needn't bristle up to me, Mounseer. I can eat up two Frenchmen just like you at one meal."

"Diable!—Vat! you eaty me—you one caniballe!—Diable! dam!—You be one sauvage—one vild animalle brute—be gar!"

"There's no use in all that, Mounseer. You're a lying villain—you told me a cock-and-a-bull story about the age of that horse—which is all no such thing."

"Be gar! so 'tis all no sush ting—'tis no bull and cock, vat for me selly you de horse. Sare, you lie!"

"What!"

"Under one mistake, sare—one grand mistake. I say nossin at all vat about a bull and cock—I sell him you one horse for one horse. Mon Dieu!"

"But you cheated me in his age. The horse, I'm credibly informed, is at least twenty, if not twenty-one years old."

"Oui! oui!—dat is de azghe—yes, sare, dat is vat I call him."

"What you call him! The devil it is! You told me he was ten or eleven."

"No, sare, I not tell you he ten or eleven. Dat is one grand mistake, sare. Dat leetle vord you put in, me no put him dere. Me say de horse vas ten upon eleven."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"Difference!—Be gar! you one Anglaise Americaine, and you not de difference tell betwix one Anglaise vord? Or—he no upon; upon—he no or. Me no Anglaise—me no Americaine—but, sare, dere one grand difference betwix de two leetle vord."

"I know there's a difference," replied the purchaser—"but you meant to cheat me in the age of the horse—you meant I should understand you, that he was ten or eleven."

"Sare," returned the Frenchman, coolly, "dere is vere you make de grand mistake. I telly you de horse he vas ten upon eleven—dat is vat me understand ten more eleven—vat you call one and twenty."

"But you meant to deceive me," said the purchaser, doggedly.

"Deceivy you! Mon Dieu! Me deceivy you, one Americaine Yankee, vat sheat de diable!—Be gar!—Me sell him honest horse for vat you call von and twenty—me no vell understand de Anglaise—me no

can posseeble sheaty you—Be gar!—'tis no de Frenchman vat sheat de Yankee—'tis no de cart vat put de horse afore—de honest azghe de horse is vat I telly you—ten upon eleven—and, be gar! you find him so."

ELOQUENCE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

The following fine specimen of Indian eloquence is taken from Cox's Adventures on the Columbia River.

A robbery had been attempted by some Indians, two of whom were killed by the whites in defence of their property. This aroused the vengeance of the natives, and especially the relations of the deceased. A large party had assembled, the relations would listen to no compromise, and an attack was momentarily expected by the whites. The narrative thus proceeds:—

"An awful pause ensued, when our attention was arrested by a loud tramping of horses, and immediately after twelve mounted warriors dashed into the space between the two parties, where they halted and dismounted. They were headed by a young chief, of fine figure, who instantly ran up to Mr. Keith, (the leader of the whites) to whom he presented his hand in the most friendly manner, which example was followed by his companions. He then commanded our enemies to quit their places of concealment, and to appear before him. His orders were promptly obeyed; and having made himself acquainted with the circumstances that led to the deaths of the two Indians, and our efforts towards effecting a reconciliation, he addressed them in a speech of considerable length, of which the following is a brief sketch:—

"Friends and relations! Three snows have only passed over our heads, since we were a poor and miserable people. Our enemies, the Shoshones, during the summer, stole our horses, by which we were prevented from hunting, and drove us from the banks of the river, so that we could get no fish. In winter, they burned our lodges by night; they killed our relations; they treated our wives and daughters like dogs, and left us either to die of starvation, or become slaves.

"They were numerous and powerful; we were few, and weak. Our hearts were as the hearts of little children: we could not fight like warriors, and were driven like deer about the plains. When the thunders rolled, and the rains poured, we had no spot in which we could seek shelter; no place, save the rocks, whereon we could lay our heads. Is such the case to-day? No, my relations! it is not. We have driven the Shoshones from our hunting-grounds, on which they dare not now appear; and have regained possession of the lands of our fathers, in which they and their fathers' fathers lie buried. We have horses and provisions in abundance, and can sleep unmolested with our wives and children, without dreading the midnight attacks of our enemies. Our hearts are great within us, and we are now a nation!

"Who then, my friends, have produced this change? The white men. In exchange for our horses and our furs, they gave us guns and ammunition; then we became strong; we killed many of our enemies, and forced them to fly from our lands. And are we to treat those who have been the cause of this happy change with ingratitude? Never! Never! The white people have never robbed us; and, I ask, why should we attempt to rob them? It was bad, very bad!—and they were right in killing the robbers."—Here symptoms of impatience and dissatisfaction became manifest among a group consisting chiefly of the relations of the deceased; on observing which, he continued in a louder tone: "Yes! I say they acted right in killing the robbers; and who among you will dare to contradict me?"

"You know well my father was killed by the enemy, when you all deserted him like cowards; and, while the Great Master of Life spares me, no hostile foot shall again be set on our lands. I know you all; and I know that those who are afraid of their bodies in battle are thieves when they are out of it; but the warrior of the strong arm and the great heart will never rob a friend."—"I say the white men must not be injured! They have offered you compensation for the loss of your friends: take it; but, if you should refuse, I tell you to your faces that I will join them with my own band of warriors; and should one white man fall by the arrow of an Indian, that Indian, if he were my brother, with all his family, shall become victims to my vengeance." Then raising his voice, he called out, "Let the Wallah Wallahs, and all who love me, and are fond of the white men, come forth and smoke the pipe of peace!" Upwards of one hundred of our late adversaries obeyed the call, and separated themselves from their allies. The harangue of the youthful chieftain silenced all opposition. The above is but a faint outline of the arguments he made use of, for he spoke upwards of two hours; his delivery was impassioned; and his action, although sometimes violent, was generally bold, graceful, and energetic.

Our admiration at the time knew no bounds; and the

orators of Greece or Rome, when compared with him, dwindled in our estimation into insignificance."

"The chieftain," continues the narrative, "whose timely arrival rescued us from impending destruction, was called 'Morning Star.' His age did not exceed twenty-five years. His handsome features, eagle glance, noble bearing, and majestic person, stamped him one of Nature's own aristocracy; while his bravery in the field, joined to his wisdom in their councils, commanded alike the involuntary homage of the young, and the respect of the old."

A CHILD WITH SUNDRY FATHERS.

On Monday evening, an Irish woman was found intoxicated, in Liberty-street, with a child, apparently a year old, in her arms. The child was elegantly dressed, and a suspicion arose that the woman had stolen it. She was taken into a neighboring house, and questioned where she had got the child. Her recollection seemed to be any thing but clear—which, united with some doubling and twisting on her part to conceal the truth, produced a somewhat laughable, but very troublesome case. When first asked whose child it was, she replied—

"It's Mr. Robert Emmet's, sure."

"Robert Emmet's!"

"And sure 'tis that same—the darlin'—and I'll be carryin it home presently."

"No, you mustn't carry it away—you're not to be trusted with it. You'll kill the poor thing."

"What, I! Saint Patrick! And is it I that'll kill it? I, that love it like me own life as it were, and better?"

The woman and child were detained, while a person went to Mr. Emmet's to inquire into the truth of the story. Mr. Emmet was surprised; but assured the messenger he had no children but what he could properly account for at that moment. He was, however, so good as to accompany the messenger back; where he discovered the woman to be one who had formerly lived at his house; but he had no knowledge of the child.

Not content with finding herself detected in one falsehood, the woman again attempted to mislead her questioners; and next informed them the child belonged to Hugh Maxwell—being determined, as it seemed, to provide it with a respectable father.

"Hugh Maxwell! Don't tell any more lies."

"Is it me that's lyin? I tell ye, 'tis Mr. Squire Maxwell's own child."

Being driven from this point also, she next said the child belonged to Lieut. Johnson, of the U. S. Navy. A messenger was despatched to Brooklyn, where the Lieutenant was said to be stationed, and found he had been gone with his family for some time.

Several hours were taken up in these fruitless inquiries; and the woman, nothing discouraged, was ready to assign sundry other fathers to the child, but being strongly threatened with the Police, she declared positively she would tell the truth. She now said the child belonged to Mr. Van York, in William-st.

This last account was found to be true. The woman lived at Mr. Van York's, and was in the habit of taking care of the child. Going to visit some of her relations at Brooklyn that day, she had begged, and obtained leave, to take the child with her. But the money, with which she was to pay the ferriage, she had laid out in strong drink; and hence the condition in which she was found.

In *vino veritas*, is the old saying. But this was clearly an exception to the general rule. The object of the woman, in her various stories, seems to have been, to gain time and sobriety to return the child to its right owner. She had lived, at one time or other, at most or all of the houses of the gentlemen named as its fathers; and therefore they most readily occurred to her memory for the purpose of deception. Her fault was not a want of affection for the child, nor a design to rob its parents of their treasure; but merely an over-fondness for the "crathur."

AN ABSENT WITNESS.—A law student, in Massachusetts, sends us the following anecdote. A negro, who had brought an action of *crim. con.* against his wife, at a late court in Concord, was asked, after the examination of some testimony, whether he had any more witnesses.

"Yes," he replied, "I got one more."

"Well, why don't you call him on?"

"Cause he dead, sir."

The New Bedford Gazette gives an account of a colored man, who was cured of a white swelling by the outward use of Bell's Paste Blacking, and the internal use of printer's ink. These black remedies must doubtless be an effectual cure for any thing white.

L. E. L. vs. OLD BACHELORS.—Miss Lydia E. Landon, a confirmed blue, in her novel of *Romance and Reality*, gives the following advice:—"Young Lady! looking out for an establishment—meditating on the

delights of a house of your own—two maids and a man, over whom you are set in absolute authority—do any thing rather than marry a confirmed bachelor—venture on one who has been successful with seven succeeding wives, with ten small children ready made to order—walk off with some tall youth, who considers a wife and a razor definite signs of his growth and his sense; but shun the establishment of a bachelor who has hung a pendulum between temptation and prudence till the age of — but of all subjects, age is the one on which it is most invidious to decant."

THE DEVIL A STUPID FELLOW.—The devil, with all his wiles, according to Miss Landon, is, or was, but a poor judge of human nature. She says: "His Satanic majesty did not know how to tempt Job; instead of making him hear his friends talk to him—though that was bad enough—he should have made him hear them talk of him; and if that did not drive him out of all patience, I know not what would."

ROMANCE AND REALITY. By L. E. L. 2 vols. J & J. Harper.

The author of this work, Miss Lydia E. Landon, is better known as a poet than a prose writer; and is the author of "The Improvisatrice," "The Venetian Bracelet," &c. &c. She has written some fine poetry. Of the present prose work, we cannot speak in so high terms. It is nevertheless written with a good deal of talent, somewhat misdirected. It is full of epigrammatic point, and pithy sentences, which, though discovering sufficient ingenuity, do not help forward, or add to the interest of the narrative. The style has somewhat too much of the fashionable cockney about it—abounding in "is being's," "different to's," and so forth. To characterize the work, though it cannot be said to be interesting on the whole, it has sundry smart things in it—some specimens of which we have given under other heads.

COBBETT'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.—This valuable work has just been published, for the first time in this country, by John Doyle, No. 12 Liberty-street. It consists of a Series of Letters addressed to the author's son, and is written in that perspicuous, common-sense style, for which Cobbett is so highly distinguished. The subject, by his manner of treating it, is divested of much of that dryness which is to be found in all other systems, and which has a tendency to make the learner soon weary of his task. This work throughout bears the stamp of Cobbett's genius; and those who are acquainted with his other works, will scarcely need any further recommendation to encourage the publisher of this.

THE CHOLERA AND THE MOB were, by late accounts, raging in Paris. The Police had adopted a new regulation, for the better cleaning of the streets. This had aroused the opposition and vengeance of the old scavengers, who, together with the *chiffonniers* or persons who collect rubbish for the rag-men, had raised an insurrection, and burnt and thrown into the river the new mud-carts. Ill-disposed persons, taking advantage of this excitement, had increased the agitation by giving out that the government had poisoned the water casks, &c. for the destruction of the poorer classes! Soldiers were parading the streets, in all directions, to restore and maintain order.

BEARD OR LIBERTY.—There are said to be, in Don Pedro's army, 500 students of the University of Coimbra, whose beards reach down to their breasts; and who have made a vow never to shave, until the tyrant, Miguel, is hurled from his throne. We hope they may have occasion to shave soon.

COMFORT FOR THE SINGLE BROTHERHOOD.—Mrs. Royall says:—"We always have admired old bachelors for their humanity and liberal principles. Let others scout as they may, we admire their good sense for rejecting the females of the present day." We hope all single gentlemen are subscribers to the "Paul Pry."

CONGRESS WATER.—Two country lads passing by a sign which had on it the words "Congress Water," one asked the other what sort of water that was. "Why, you fool you," replied his companion, "that's what they spout at Congress."

THE TWO DROMIOS.—The audience were highly amused at the Park Theatre, on Tuesday evening, by the playing of the *Two Dromios*, in the Comedy of Errors, by Blanchard and Barnes. The former has long held a high rank in London, as the latter has here, in similar characters. The evening's performance was for the benefit of Mrs. Barrymore, who, we are gratified to say, was greeted with a full house.

Mr. Barnes has taken the Richmond Hill Theatre, so that the lovers of fun will hereafter miss his laughing face at the Park.

"Please Exchange." A desire to comply with the wishes of our contemporaries has swelled our list of Exchange papers so much, that the expense is greater than we can reasonably be expected to bear. We trust, therefore, that those whom we may be compelled to strike from our list will not feel hurt at such a course, having the honest reason thus set before them. To the numerous applications "Please Exchange," three of which—received this day, are before us, and to all our CONTEMPORARIES who may hereafter wish to receive "The Constellation," we say—send us Two dollars in advance, free of expense, and insert our short circular once in six months, and you shall have the paper for a year, without "Exchange."

SELECTIONS.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN.

"Of Sir Henry Raeburn it is told, that when only six years old he lost both his parents, and was placed by some friends in 'Heriot's Walk,' the Christ's school of Edinburgh, where he was trained, with all solicitude, both in morality and learning. To classical proficiency, indeed, he at no time ever laid claim, yet his education had been such as enabled him to maintain, without reproach, an intercourse by letters with some of the first literary men of the age; and his manners had been so well cared for, that he was never found wanting in that gentlemanly decorum and politeness which is not only becoming but necessary in a portrait-painter. Those who remembered him at school said that he mastered his task like other boys, and seemed neither very bright nor very dull. In one thing, however, they remarked his superiority during moments of idleness, such as are common in all classes; when the scholars drew figures on their slates or copy books, those of Raeburn surpassed them all. The same thing was perceived in the school sketches of Wilkie; in the figures of arithmetic he was like other boys, but in the figures of men he had no rival. Raeburn has been often heard to say, that at school he formed intimacies with boys which became the best friendships of his manhood. His nature was open and sincere; and though his temper was quick and warm, it had that quality in it which never estranged friends, nor permanently offended any one. At the age of fifteen he was removed from school; but so little did his genius decide for him, that when a profession to be his support through life was to be chosen, he preferred that of a goldsmith, and was apprenticed accordingly. The silver chasing and engraving of Hogarth, and the wood-carving and gilding of Chantrey, were something akin to their feelings, and even to their after pursuits: the trade selected by Raeburn was less so, though it is connected with much that is elegant in workmanship and design. In the goldsmith's shop he remembered his sketches at school; and commencing first with caricatures of his companions, he persevered till a better and worthier art rose out of his attempts.

Among Raeburn's earliest associates, was the learned and witty John Clerk, afterwards a Judge of the Court of Session, under the title of Lord Eldin; a gentleman of rare parts, who to his other acquirements, added some skill of hand in the art of painting. The young artist and the young advocate, continues Mr. Cunningham, were frequently together; and, as the one had to purchase costly colours and the other expensive books, it is said they were sometimes so poor, that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in."

Paying damages.—A few days since, a person, genteelly dressed, was observed standing at the window of a respectable jeweller of this city, as if admiring the rich works displayed for sale in the inside. He had an umbrella placed carelessly under one arm, and, while he was gazing, another individual who was passing, apparently prompted by a love of mischief, contrived adroitly to thrust the umbrella through the glass, and escape, while the unfortunate gentleman stood at the spot stupefied with astonishment. A shopman rushed out and demanded why he had broken the window; he denied that he had done it, but appearances were against him, and he was obliged to enter the shop to settle the affair. The proprietor of the establishment demanded payment for the damage done, and, when the other talked of his complete innocence, threatened to send for the police. The pane of glass was strong plate, and the cost 30s. "It is enormous," said the unfortunate. "I paid it, and you must," replied the jeweller. "Here is half a crown," said the stranger. "Send for a constable!" indignantly ejaculated the man of metal. He was inexorable, and the other at length submitted, complaining bitterly, but observing justly that a gentleman couldn't go to a police-office for a trifle. He took out three £20 bank notes, gave one of them to the pacified jeweller, received £18 10s. sterling, as his balance and retired. A friend dropped into the shop shortly after; the occurrence was mentioned; the note was shown as a corroborating proof; it was a forgery!—*Dublin Morn. Register.*

On Monday last, a sea wolf, three feet two inches long, was taken in the Chetwick stake net. This animal has a smooth slippery body, without scales. It somewhat resembles an eel, but it is of a brownish grey, and the sides are adorned with blackish transverse shades. The head is large, and flat above the eyes, and the cheeks swelled and puffed out. It is a

most voracious fish, and when taken will fasten on any thing within its reach. The fishermen dreading its bite, endeavor to disarm it as soon as possible; they immediately pull out its fore teeth, and then kill it by striking behind the head. The Danish and German writers say, that its bite is so hard that it will seize on an anchor, and leave the mark of its teeth in it; and that the animal is capable of crushing even stones in its jaws. It feeds principally on crustaceous animals, and shell fish; and is common in the sea near Yorkshire and Northumberland.—*Berwick paper.*

The Duchess de Berri.—A gentleman, who was recently with the Duchess de Berri, has favored us with the following statement. It is not true that her Royal Highness has engaged in any plot for carrying on civil war in La Vendee. She has repeatedly declared that she will never encourage any attempt to disturb the cause of order in France, although, as a mother, she is anxious for what she considers her son's rights. She passes much of her time in correspondence and reading; but an hour or so daily is devoted to painting, in which she is a proficient. During her more fortunate days she painted for Charles X. a complete set of ornaments in imitation of Japan work; and these having been left in Paris, she amuses herself in preparing others, as presents. I remember once entering rather suddenly her painting room, at her palace in the Faubourg St. Honore, and finding her and her two maids of honor, and her drawing master, M. Futvoye, on their knees, painting the legs of a new set of chairs, which she was preparing as a present for the King. I shall not forget her good natured surprise at being thus disturbed. She is the same good natured being still; full of gaiety, even in exile, but never insensible to the duties of her station. Allusion was made, a short time ago, to the education of her son. It was said that the English journals charged her with having spoiled it. "This," she said, "is not true; until he was seven years old, I was allowed to choose his books; and any one who will refer to Messrs. Galignani, of Paris, through whom I ordered the English works, will find that I never wrote for any thing which was not calculated to improve his mind, and prepare him to be an amiable, intelligent, and tolerant man."

Anecdote of David Hume.—About a fortnight before his death, he added a codicil to his will, in which he fully discovered his attention to his friends, as well as his own pleasure. What little wine he himself drank was generally port, a wine for which his friend, the poet (John Home) had ever declared the strongest aversion. David bequeaths to his friend John one bottle of port; and upon condition of his drinking this at two down sittings, bestows upon him twelve dozen of his best claret. He pleasantly adds, that this subject of wine was the only one upon which they had ever differed. In the codicil there are several other strokes of railery and pleasantry, highly expressive of the cheerfulness which he then enjoyed. He even turned his attention to some of the simple amusements with which he had been formerly pleased. In the neighborhood of his brother's house, in Berwickshire, is a brook, by which the access in time of floods is frequently interrupted. Mr. Hume bequeaths £100 for building a bridge over this brook, but upon the express condition that none of the stones for that purpose shall be taken from a quarry in the neighborhood, which forms a part of a romantic scene in which, in his earlier days, Mr. Hume took particular delight; otherwise the money to go to the poor of the parish.

Herculean Filial Affection.—In the course of the last winter, five Dutch gentlemen set out from Rotterdam to travel on skates to Amsterdam. They had passed over about twelve miles of the waste of inland waters, which extends between the two cities, and were with the exception of one of the party who kept apart, skating with great velocity, in close files, and hands linked in the Dutch manner, and were striking out far from the shore, when, at once, the whole file was precipitated through the ice, and two out of the four were hardly seen to rise again. The other two were father and son, both remarkably fine men, and the father an expert swimmer, which enabled him to support himself and his son too for a considerable time, during which he was so collected as to give directions to the only one of the party who had not fallen in, how he should conduct himself to afford assistance; but at length he gave utterance to the thought that his son's continuing to hold him would be the death of both. The son immediately kissed his father, and, with the familiar and endearing expression he was accustomed to, bade him "good night, loosed his hold, and deliberately resigned himself to death. The father lives, and the name, at least, of Henry Hock, the son, must live also.—*Liverpool Courier.*

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Choice of a Wife.—(Burleigh's advice to his son.) When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of thy life, like unto a stratagem of war;

wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market without gentility. Nor choose a base uncomely creature although for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will yirke thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it to thy great grief that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

A Speculation.—The money making turn of the Yankers is a standing joke with the southerners, and occasionally instances are given of the adoption of means that would warrant the "joke." It would not become us to laud with excessive commendation, the happy disposition of our eastern brethren, but our modesty need not be offended at recording a felicitous instance of forethought and saving, exhibited by a southerner, recently on a visit to this city. He had been deputed by a physician to procure some vaccine matter, and been furnished with a ten dollar bill, to make the purchase. On arriving at Philadelphia, he enquired him out a physician, to whom he gave two dollars to vaccinate him on each arm; and after the operation was performed, he entertained his friends over a pot of "small beer" with his calculations of profit on the speculation.

"Ten dollars," said he, "is the price of a proper scab, but I have two; now, as a larger supply than was expected may glut the market, I will make my calculations at a reduced price, say 25 per cent:—

Two of the articles, then at \$7 50, amount to \$15
Cost of vaccinating my arms, 2

Balance, clear profit, 13
And the happy man departed with an "armful" of profit, arising from a speculation that we think somewhat unique in its character.—*U. S. Gaz.*

A Poor Pun will sometimes answer a good purpose. A baker once calling upon Mr. Justice Jones of Coventry, with the last loaf in his basket, was observed, as he returned through the courtyard to lay hold of a fat goose, on which his worship, who was at one of the upper windows, hawled out, Baker! Baker! Baker! The varlet took notice, but trodged off with his prize. When the justice in the afternoon coming to his house, and asking him how he could have the villainous impudence to take the goose. "God bless your worship (returned he) I only did as you commanded—you bid me bake her, and so I did, and drank your worship's health at the eating of her." "Tis a poor pun (said the justice) but it shall make thy peace."

Bassiana.—"I am glad," said Bass, whilst reading a list of the acts passed at the last session, "that the Legislature have at last done something to encourage missionary efforts." "How so?" asked a gentleman who was present. "Why," replied Bass, "they have passed an act to prevent the destruction of the heath-hen."—*Boston Trans.*

Talents in a Napkin.—A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and as likely to do honor to the University of which he was a member; "but he is shy," added the father, "and idle, and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son? "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland Hill, "at all the corners, and there is nothing in it."—*Diamond Magazine.*

Miss Zouch, who, it will be recollected, was some time since brought into public notice by her extraordinary conduct in refusing to marry a rich East Indian, named Wootten, after accompanying him to the altar at St. George's, Hanover-square, applied last week, to Mr. Conant, at Marlborough-street Office, London, for relief. She came in the presence of the magistrate with the paupers of St. George's, Hanover-square, and stated that she resided in South Molten-street, but was so reduced in circumstances as to be obliged to seek parochial relief. Mr. Conant spoke to the acting overseer of St. George's upon the subject, who questioned Miss Zouch as to her parish. She stated that her father, who was a relation of a noble earl, resided in Dublin, where she was born; and, it appearing that she had no claim upon any parish, the overseer observed that all he could do in the case was to pass her to Ireland. Mr. Conant however, advised him to afford her some temporary relief, and on application at the workhouse five shillings were given to her, on an understanding that she would not again trouble them.

Liberality.—On Monday week, a poor woman, who resides in Skeldergate, York, being out of the Bootham B. observed a lady drop her reticule, which she took up and, following the lady, presented it to her. She was pleased to receive it very graciously, and having thanked the woman, and politely informed her that it contained one hundred sovereigns, she condescendingly

inquired the place of the poor woman's residence, and terminated the audience by generously presenting the restorer of the bag and treasure with one shilling for her trouble.—*Halifax Journal.*

Estates.—The repositories of the late Mr. Innes of Stow, have been searched with all the care and anxiety, that the accession of a million of money must naturally create, for any will or disposition of this immense fortune, but we understand that all hopes of any such document are now abandoned, and that the sister of the deceased becomes sole heiress of £900,000 invested in various stocks, a great deal of valuable plate and jewellery, besides the estates of Stow and Drum.—*Scotsman.*

Mr de Tastet, of Alderman's-walk, Bishop's gate street, the Spanish and South American merchant, died a few days ago. Immediately after his death, his executor went to the banker of the deceased, to inquire if there were any securities or deposits belonging to Mr. de Tastet, when one of the clerks brought from the strong room a large box, which the executor opened and in which, to his great surprise and astonishment, were found four hundred thousand pounds in notes of the Bank of England.—*Courier.*

Trading Expedition to Africa.—We mentioned in our last, that one of the brothers of Lander, whose courage and perseverance have at length decided that great geographical problem, which has for so many ages excited and baffled the curiosity of mankind, namely, the termination of the Niger, has been in Liverpool for some time, making arrangements for a second expedition into the interior of Africa. The object of the expedition is partly commercial and partly scientific. Two steamboats, one much less than the other, have been purchased, and loaded with British goods; and it is expected that with the smaller of them, Mr. Lander will be able to make his way many hundred miles up the Niger, and to carry on an extensive trade with the negroes on the banks of the river. The larger vessel will also be able to advance a considerable distance up the Niger. It is very well known that immense fairs, at which many thousands of persons assemble from the whole of central Africa, are held from time to time in the large towns on the banks of this river. The only European goods at present exposed for sale at these fairs are brought from Tripoli across the desert on the backs of the camels, and owing to the expense and difficulty of this mode of transport, they are brought in very small quantities and sold at extravagant prices. By means of the recently discovered mouth of the Niger, a much easier, safer, and cheaper entrance is furnished into central Africa. The use of steamboats on the African rivers is itself an interesting circumstance, and perhaps may in a few years produce a complete revolution in the habits of the people, at the same time that it opens new channels of trade and sources of wealth to this country, which will, we hope, compensate it for all the British wealth which has been spent, and all the British lives which have been sacrificed, in exploring the interior of the African continent. The country lying along the banks of the Niger, and the rivers which fall into Lake Tchad, is not inferior in fertility to the valley of the Nile itself; it yields the finest indigo, and indeed every product of tropical climates, and teems with population. We hope most sincerely that Mr. Lander's present expedition will be crowned with success, and that, after having had the honor of adding so greatly to the scientific reputation of England, he will be successful in establishing a commercial intercourse equally advantageous to his own country and to the immense regions which he has opened to European enterprise.—*Lit. paper.*

Law—Non-residence.—At the York assizes, last week, an action was brought by a person named Vaux, against a clergyman named Volans, to recover a penalty, one third of the income, for non-residence for three months in the year. The jury returned a verdict, that the defendant was wilfully absent, except during a certain time that he was under arrest; and that the net value of the living was £710. A verdict was then entered for the plaintiff, damages £533. 10s. subject to be reduced to £473. 6s. 8d.

At the last Worcester assizes an action was brought by a respectable farmer of the parish of Elmley Lovett, against the Rector, to recover a penalty of £170, one third of the income of the rectory, for non-residence for three months in the year 1830. A great number of witnesses were examined for the plaintiff, consisting of clergymen who had officiated for the defendant during his absence, of the defendant's servants, and of parishioners, who proved that he had been absent nine weeks in succession, and occasionally at other times, though seldom more than a few days, and not including a Sunday. It appeared that the defendant had taken his wife to Malvern, for the benefit of her health, and that he had visited his father who was ill, and that there was always a clergyman to perform the duty in his absence. Mr. Justice Taunton charged the jury, and said that they were to judge whether the occasional short absences constituted the wilful absence contemplated by the statute. The jury instantly returned a verdict for the defendant.—*London pap.*

By an Order in Council of the British Government, of the 28th of March, all vessels sailing for the United States, or British America, having fifty persons on board, must be provided with a regularly educated surgeon.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

By Thomas Hood.

"Love thy Mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Love thy Mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And nuzzle back her love for thee;
Hereafter thou mayst shudder there
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe
And kiss them till their own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh! reverse her raven hair!
Although it be not silver grey,
Too early Death, led on by care,
May snatch, save one dear lock away.
Oh! reverse her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THE GREAT HUMMING TOP.

This well done quiz is from a Liverpool paper.

A series of most interesting experiments upon the extraordinary production of human ingenuity, which promises to rival, if not excel, the steam engine and other modern inventions, in its beneficial effects on society, were exhibited on Friday week, before a company of seven scientific, literary gentlemen at the sign of "The Cormorant," in Great Hoax-street. Experiment 1—was intended simply to show the full power of the instrument. The ingenious operator and inventor, having directed the company to take seats round the table, each holding his watch in his right hand, projected the top on to the table, where he undertook that it would spin for forty-seven minutes. Great anxiety was of course manifested, but no one spoke for fear of disturbing the air! The top continued in the same spot for two hours without stirring, though at a considerable distance from the perpendicular; this seemed amazing, but as the inflection was contrary to the north, the operator, in a whisper, accounted for it on the principles of magnetism, and proved it by a display of the dipping of the needle. Three hours passed, still the top stirred not, and four of the company having fallen asleep, and let their watches drop on the floor, the experiment was deemed complete. The operator, having called the attention of the spectators to the extraordinary music produced by the instrument, which he compared to an Æolian harp, humming seven notes, proceeded to take up the top, when, to the surprise of all, it was found that at the moment of projection the iron peg of the top had penetrated the deal table, in which it had stuck fast all the time! Thus elucidating the problem of its leaning posture without the aid of the dipping needle; the music, which still continued was found to proceed from the wind whistling through the key-hole.

The experiment having failed merely through the softness of the table, a mahogany one was substituted, and the spectators having refreshed themselves with a glass of punch, the operator, a second time, arranged the apparatus for a projection, and the watches being placed on the table to prevent accidents, the instrument was set in motion, but had scarcely revolved a dozen times when the operator perceived a dense smoke around it, and conjecturing, hastily, that by reason of the extraordinary friction, the top and the mahogany table had ignited, he put an end to its revolution and the French polish of the table, by a copious discharge of hot water from the jug on the sideboard; on examination, this hasty inference was to be regretted, as it proved to be no less, the alarming combustion being found to have proceeded from one of the spectators, who was smoking a cigar, and had most scientifically accumulated the proceeds of half of it in his capacious pouches, which he suddenly expelled in a dense cloud.

The ingenious operator, a little out of humor at these unlooked for results, once more prepared to set the instrument in motion, the table having been wiped up, as well as the smoking gentleman's trousers, which were deluged with seething water, *ad lib.*

Every obstacle to a failure was apparently removed, the operator gave a violent pull at the spinning cord, when, to his great vexation, it snapped in two, and the top fell on the table; as, indeed, every other top would have done under like circumstances. This result was really provoking; but while the water was away buying a pennyworth of twine, the operator ingeniously showed the company the scientific cause for the cord having broken; it appeared that its continuity was divided by the application of a propulsive power superior to its capacity of adhesion.

The water having returned, the experiment was renewed; the new twine was attached to the apparatus of projection; the operator summoned all his energy for the trial—clenched his teeth—shut his eyes—and straining every nerve, launched the top into the air—it hummed—gave one bounce on the table—bounced through the window, and fell into the street, where it was instantly picked up by a little boy, who ran off with it, and has not since been heard of, thus frustrating

all the ends of science, and putting a stop, for the present, to a series of experiments of unequalled interest to society, indeed to the human race. Yes! this little boy, who, seeing in that top no more than in any other top, appropriates it to his own selfish purposes, does as much mischief as the hog, which filling his belly with acorns, prevents those from becoming oak trees, and finally, first-rate men of war, which would rule the fate of nations.

It is almost needless to say that the experiments, although partially incomplete, gave entire satisfaction, and convinced the scientific spectators that the reported merits of this great top was not at all a humbug.

Hum.

THE ALLIGATOR HUNT.

By Capt. Basil Hall.

I must give a short account of an alligator hunt, at a place called N. Arvelley, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the 1st Ceylon Regiment. Very early in the morning of the 23d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red coats and bayonets, were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. As there was little risk of being too late on any party of which Sir Samuel would lead the head, the day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all gathered up to the scene of action. The ground is a flat as a marsh for many leagues round, and the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams, or pools, scarcely rising over beds of mud, between which, ranged with crook crop or draggled weeds, and giving birth to hordes of mosquitoes. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the mosquitoes, were drawn up to receive the admiral, and a very queer guard of honour they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniforms, and wore other sorts of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a fringed turban, each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the point of his musket. His only other weapon was the Malay crease, a sort of dagger or small edition of the waving two-edged sword with which the angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise. Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground, the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes, or pools, scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays (who are passionately fond of this sport), the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water when undisturbed was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistency and colour of the fluid became like those of pea-soup.

On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon, and at the word "march," away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout, or war whoop, sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in their close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre. Generally speaking, the alligators or crocodiles, (for I believe they are very nearly the same,) had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound, or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backward, and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been anything but amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic who had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half-choked and half-sighted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in a manner quite out of sight, and in a manner as ignominious as can well be conceived. For the poor devils of the pool, indeed, it was the choice between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance; and I am half-ashamed to acknowledge the savage kind of delight with which we stood on the banks, and saw the distracted creatures rushing from one attack right into the jaws of another. The Malays, in their ecstasy, declared that the small

fry from one side rushed down the throats of the big ones whom they met flying in the opposite direction. But this seems very questionable, though positively asserted by the enraptured natives, who redoubled their shouts as the plot thickened, and the two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon showing their noses, well plastered with mud, high above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt in sheer despair right at the jaws of a Malay. On these occasions, half-a-dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the infinite amusement of their companion, who speedily caused the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least.

The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays, then, by main strength, jerked him out, over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and, by a sudden jerk, pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are ambitious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final attack approached, on the two columns of their one advancing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered, and ploughed up the weedy banks, scattering away to the right and left, helter skelter. "Save qui peut" seemed to be the fatal watch-word of their total rout. That prudent cry would, no doubt, have saved many of them, as it has saved many other conquered forces, had not the Malays judiciously placed beforehand their reserve on each side of the river to receive the distracted fugitives, who, bathed in mud, and half dead with terror, but still in a prodigious fury, dashed off at right angles from the canal, in hopes of gaining the shelter of a swampy pool overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, but which, alas for most of the poor beasts, they were never doomed to reach.

The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted, one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have overpowered the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the East, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbours. It is needless to say, that while all this was going on, our gallant admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal and at a moment took in the whole purpose of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry affairs of outposts took place, we could see his face flushing with delight when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half-a-dozen fragments of these weapons fractured in the onslaught the whole plain rung with his exclamation of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valor, or had a whole line of Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many nine-pins, I verily believe, that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivivied the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty. This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for, in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were, of course, obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserves of Malays already spoken of and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of his Majesty's officers might have chanced to have found themselves in a scrape. As it was, we were extremely near being wedged in between the animals' noses and the pikes and creases of the wild Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the most savage—the triumphant natives or the flying troop of alligators walloping away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all, without exception, covered with slime and weeds. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior adroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company; though, of course, we took good care rather to laugh with our commander-in-chief than at him. I forget the total number of alligators killed, but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet girth, the head being exactly two feet long.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

Adelphi, March 14.—The following is a faithful report of certain unrehearsed scenes which occurred on this occasion. A crowded house—impatient gallery—no musicians—sibilant storm peculiar to the Adelphi detest.—enter knights of the bow and fiddle—duties propitiated—curtain rises—enter Yates—much applause, more hissing. Yates (stepping to the foot-lights with good-humoured face), "Any body displeased?" Chorus—"No." Yates—"Some one I am sure, not pleased; perhaps on account of having been kept waiting; a performance advertised for half-past seven always means a quarter to eight." Spokesman of a party—"Its five minutes after eight." Yates (addressing first fiddle, in orchestra,)—"What is o'clock?" First fiddle—"Ten minutes to eight." Yates (addressing spokesman of a party)—"Watches rather fast, I am afraid, gentlemen. However, I'll now try to please." When he entered to commence his second part, his wit was even more on the alert. Half-price had commenced, and there was a sort of grumbling skirl in the pit. Yates put forward a listening and enquiring face. Man in the pit—"Mr. Yates, there's no room." Yates—"Sir, I'm quite delighted to hear it." (Bursts of laughter from all parts of the house.)

Covent Garden, March 15.—First night of *Francis the First*.—Many are the supposed differences between the acted and the written play; the following were among the unperformed ones. The line,

The lady's praise falls freely from thy tongue,
was thus given by Mason,

Thy lady's speech falls freely from thy tongue.

This would have been a curious phenomenon, but it was not borne out by the fact. Abbot, instead of,

A modest pride of her own excellence,

accused *Francis* of

Strong desire of her own excellence.

The terms "modest pride" and "strong desire" are not I conceive, exact synonyms. E. Tree should have said of the king,

His crimson crest waving upon the air

Lake Victory's ruddy favours;

but perceiving, just in time, that Mr. Mason's feathers were white instead of red, she adroitly substituted "flaming" for "crimson," and "snowy" for "ruddy." She afterwards received a reprieve in kind for this alteration from Miss Lee, who, glancing at her dark hair just as she was about to say,

Let me bind up these golden locks,

called them "glossy" instead. When *Gonzalez*, to prove his truth, should have presented certain parchments to *Bourbon*, Warde had no parchments to present, and Mr. Kemble was obliged to be satisfied without satisfaction; and when *Francis* tells his mother to

Strip me that diadem from off thy brow,

Miss Kemble had on no diadem to strip.

Covent Garden, March 17. First night of *Born to Good Luck*.—I have before remarked on Power's powers as an improvisatore. On his first entrance he stumbled upon a black carnival mask, inadvertently dropped by F. Mathews in a previous scene; and when the applause had subsided, and the audience were waiting for his first word, he thus commenced: "Och, and sure, and some gentleman has dropped his face! (picks up the mask, and examines it.) And faith, and I don't wonder at his not picking ye up again, for it's no beauty ye are!" (throws down the mask and begins his part).

Drury Lane, March 20. First night of the *Alchemist*.—Harley, as a hypocrite, fancied himself so many absurd things, that the audience at last also fancied him an absurd thing, and hissed him accordingly. Hereon he took two opportunities of manifesting his own opinion of the part assigned to him. In explaining part of the plot he suddenly digressed into imagining himself a clock; and on his auditors exclaiming, "Well, well, but what is all this to the purpose?" he answered, "Why, nothing at all, I must confess" (great laughter and applause). And in a subsequent scene, when, on favouring himself a gilet pie, one of the characters exclaimed, "Nonsense!" he immediately rejoined, "Well, do you know, I think so too" (increased laughter and applause).

COX'S ADVENTURES.

From the Atlas.

A novel in these days is no novelty; but a book of a novel character may claim the designation. As such we have it in our power this week to name a handsome octavo from the press of Messrs. Harper—"Adventures on the Columbia River," including the narrative of a residence of six years on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians hitherto unknown; together with a journey across the American Continent." By Ross Cox. The author, an Englishman, sailed from New York in 1811 as a clerk of the Pacific Fur Company—the founders of Astoria. His journal embraces the author's observations, by sea and land, in all the various situations in which he was placed during his long absence; and is overflowing with the record of strange incidents and perilous adventures. It is written in an agreeable style, and will be found quite entertaining, while it conveys information not often to be met with. Some of the statements draw rather largely on our powers of credence, but that may not be the writer's fault. For instance, he mentions a pine tree

near the fort they erected, which, at the height of ten feet from the earth, measured forty six feet in circumference, and rose about 150 feet without branches. Its top had been blasted by lightning, but by comparison its original height was supposed to have been about 300 feet! Another is spoken of, 57 feet in circumference, and 216 feet without branches! One of the best things we have seen for some time is Mr. Cox's history of a contemplated duel between McDonald, one of the traders, and an Indian, with whom he quarrelled in consequence of supposed fraud in gaming. They were found engaged in altercation thus:—

McD. Come on, now, you rascal! you toad! you dog! will you fight?

Ind. I will:—but you're a foolish man. A chief should not be passionate. I always thought the white chiefs were wise men.

McD. I want none of your jaw: I say you cheated me. You're a dog! Will you fight?

Ind. You are not wise. You get angry like a woman: but I will fight. Let us go to the wood. Are you ready?

McD. Why you—rascal, what do you mean? I'll fight you here. Take your distance like a brave man, face to face, and I'll draw lots for the first fire, or fire together, which ever you please.

Ind. You are a greater fool than I thought you were. Who ever heard of a wise warrior standing before his enemy's gun to be shot at like a dog? No one but a fool of a white man would do so.

McD. What do you mean? What way do you want to fight?

Ind. The way that all red warriors fight. Let us take our guns, and retire to yonder wood; place yourself behind one tree, and I will take my stand behind another, and then we shall see who will shoot the other first!

McD. You are afraid, and you're a coward.

Ind. I am not afraid, and you're a fool.

McD. Come then, — my eyes if I care. Here's at you your own way.

The interference of others here put an end to the affair.

WORKS OF ROBERT HALL.

A second volume of the most valuable offering made for some time past to the reading community—the *Works of the Rev. Robert Hall*—is published this week by Messrs. J. & J. Harper. It consists of several political tracts, essays relating to the general interests and welfare of society, and a wide variety of miscellaneous productions. His choice of topics displays the writer's devotedness to those objects best calculated to promote the well-being of his fellow men in temporal affairs, not less than in spiritual matters, and at the same time evinces the like powerful and diversified talents with which he was endowed.

Perhaps we ought to mention in praise of those, (will our readers permit us to say) not duly estimated, (as we shall take upon ourselves to say) too often unworthily prostituted publications, the newspapers, that the *miscellanies* of this author were originally published in the *Bristol Journal*; and it cannot be unsafe to add, that in all probability, but for the newspaper, the compositions would never have existed or seen the light.

A curious fact is stated by the editor with reference to the tract entitled "Christianity consistent with a love of Freedom." This essay was written by Mr. Hall at the age of twenty-seven, and the author considering its language of animadversion—for it was a controversial production—too severe and sarcastic, would never consent to its republication. Several editions were, however, printed surreptitiously, one of which was so close an imitation of the original imprint, that the evidence of the forgery rests chiefly on a discovery, by holding the paper up to the light, that it bears the water-mark of 1818, while the pamphlet purports to have been printed in 1791. This is not the only instance in which false documents have been thus detected.—ib.

TEMPERANCE.

In our compilation of English news will be observed a gratifying statement of the growth of *Temperance* in the Kingdom. In this country, the efforts that have been made show their grateful results on every side, and the public favour towards the object is now too firmly established to leave room for any apprehensions of relapse. Besides the newspapers which from the individual preferences of their Editors advocate the cause, the parent Society has a paper specially devoted to this and congenial subjects; and the N.Y. State Temperance Society has lately commenced a semi-monthly journal with the same design.

A great change is apparent in the consumption of spirituous liquors at the public houses, and on board of Steamboats; and it now commonly attracts observation and remark when any person lifts the decanter to fill the "cup of trembling." Several excellent hotels in the country have entirely excluded intoxicating liquors from their premises, and we are gratified to understand that a consequent increase of patronage from travellers inclined to support the undertaking is found to compensate for any loss of profit on the sale of liquors. Mr. Gould at Albany, North Market street, keeps such a house, which we had the pleasure to see well filled with visitors, who found at his abundant table the amplex satisfaction to every unvisited appetite; while the apartment commonly known as the Bar-room, displayed in lieu of bottles, drinkers and segars-smokers, the agreeable substitute of Books, newspa-

pers and quiet readers. Some inn-keepers who are friendly to the abolition of intemperance, and would willingly withdraw spirituous liquors from their tables, are prevented from so doing by the fear that their motive may be misrepresented, and the act be ascribed to a desire to save themselves the expense of the article. This imputation might be avoided by placing in the dining-room a notice that brandy for the table would be furnished gratis to those who required it. Both objects would then be as nearly attained as the case seems to admit. We trust, however, the day is not far distant when an explanation for putting it on the board will be every where considered as necessary as it may now be to apologise any where for keeping it off.—ib.

Temperance Societies.—We find in the *British Magazine*, an account of the formation of "The British and Foreign Temperance Society," in which the results of societies of this description are thus given:—"In proof of the practical use of temperance societies, the committee need not refer to America, where they first appeared. They were introduced into Ireland about two years ago; and were encouraged, they are beginning to take effect upon popular habits. In the excise district which comprehends Belfast, the consumption of whiskey during the six months ending July 5, 1831, was less than that of the corresponding six months of 1830 by forty five thousand gallons; being a diminution of more than one third of the whole. The consumption of whiskey, in all Ireland, during the six months ending July 5, 1831, was less than that of the same six months of 1830, 721,564 gallons. In Scotland the same consumption of British spirits has uniformly increased till the year 1831. The temperance societies of that country comprise 11,000 members, and the consumption of British spirits for the six months ending July 5, 1831, falls short of that for the same six months of 1830 by 513,697 gallons. The consumption of distilled spirits in this kingdom according to the parliamentary returns for the year ending January 5, 1831, is 27,719,999 gallons at proof; which, with the addition of one sixth, for the reduction of strength by retailers, amounts to £16,736,712 10s 8d; and this sum does not include any part of the many millions of gallons known to be illicitly distilled, or imported without paying duty."

The primitive Episcopal Church.—A further notice of the new sect in Liverpool assuming this name is furnished by one of our latest papers. "If *Order is Heaven's first law*," the present statement must be disproved, or the parties concerned will have other than the common theological grounds on which to argue their claim to the title of a Primitive Church.—The account is melancholy when it is recollected that the scene of action was a place of religious worship.

"Our readers are, no doubt, aware that All Saints' Church, in Grosvenor-street, Rose-hill, has for some time past been occupied by a body of Christians denominating themselves the primitive Episcopal Church, agreeing in the main with the doctrines of the Established Church, but differing from it in some particulars, principally, we believe, with respect to the order of Bishops and some parts of the Liturgy and Book of Common Prayer. It will be remembered that the place was consecrated, and several ministers were ordained a month or two ago, by the Rev. George Montgomery West, and the Rev. Mr. Matthews, who officiated as Bishops on the occasion. It appears, however, that the new church was not destined long to maintain the 'unity of doctrine in the bond of peace,' for we learn that differences and disputes, both as to temporal and spiritual or doctrinal matters, having prevailed for some time between the senior and legal incumbent, the Rev. H. T. Turner, and his coadjutor the Rev. G. M. West, the parties at length came to an open rupture, and the result has been the breaking up, or at least the division, of the congregation. The Rev. Mr. Turner, as we are informed, after repeatedly remonstrating with his colleague against the alterations proposed by him in the Book of Common Prayer, and also against the doctrines occasionally advanced by him in his sermons, informed him at last that his services would in future be dispensed with, and that he would not be permitted to preach again. On Wednesday evening last, accordingly, when the church was, as usual, crowded to overflowing, in expectation of the Rev. Mr. West's customary lecture, the Rev. Mr. Turner took possession of the pulpit, and prevented his Rev. colleague from occupying it. The scene which ensued, we are told, baffled all description, and approached very nearly in tumult and disorder to what is said of the recent exhibitions at Mr. Irving's chapel in London, the head quarters of the unknown tongues. The 'tongues' of men and women were immediately put into requisition, and amidst the shouting of the one, and the crying and screaming of the other, the partisans of the ejected minister, who formed for the largest part of the congregation, proceeded to pack up their cushions, prayer-books, bibles, &c. and afterwards took their departure, some of them telling the clergyman in the pulpit that he might preach to the walls if he pleased, for they would follow Mr. West wherever he went. The uproar was so great that it could be distinctly heard at some distance from the Church, and persons passing in the streets went in to see what could be the cause of so unbecoming a tumult in a place of worship. Here the matter rests for the present; but we are informed that the admirers of the Rev. Mr. West mean to erect a church for him, and that a subscription has already been set on foot for the purpose.—ib.

BRITISH PAINTERS, SCULPTORS AND ARCHITECTS.

Mr. Cunningham has furnished another volume to the Family Library with this title, from which we have the annexed account of Copley:—

"The life of Mr. Copley is rendered interesting, not so much by his own rank as a painter, although he was a man of considerable ability, as by the elevation to which his highly gifted son, Lord Lyndhurst, has attained in the learned profession to which he devoted himself, and in the political world. He (Copley) was the son of Mr. Cunningham, of John Copley and Mary Singleton his wife; and was, by the most credible accounts, born at Boston, in America, on the third day of July, 1737. His father was of English descent, had resided long in Ireland, and, after marrying a lady of that country, removed to the New World, so near the time that his son was born, as to countenance a report which prevailed, when he became eminent, that he was a native of Ireland. The fact that he was always claimed as an American by the general rumor of the United States, might, perhaps, have been alleged to prove little; since, in a country constantly receiving and willingly adopting new citizens from all quarters, considerable looseness to such a point might be considered as natural. John Scollay, of Boston, however, appears to furnish distinct evidence: when writing to the painter in 1789 he says, 'I trust, amidst this blaze of prosperity, that you don't forget your dear native country, and the cause it is engaged in, which I know lay once near your heart, and, I trust, does so still.' Other proofs will, perhaps, occur as we proceed. In whatever country he was born, he was educated in America; and to her he owes his first inspiration in art. This came upon him, it seems, early enough. When some seven or eight years old, he was observed to absent himself from the family circle for several hours at a time, and was traced to a lonely room, on whose bare walls he had drawn, in charcoal, a group of martial figures, engaged in some nameless adventure. Boston, at this period, had neither academy of arts nor private instructors. Copley had therefore to educate himself—a task, after all, not so difficult to genius as the dull imagine—and which he set about undismayed, in the absence of models and masters. It is noteworthy, that, almost at the same hour, America produced, amidst her deserts and her trading villages, two distinguished painters, West and Copley, who, unknown to each other, were schooling themselves in the rudiments of art, attempting portraits of their friends one day, and historical composition the other; studying nature from the naked Apollos of the wilderness, as some one called the native warriors; and making experiments on all manner of colors, primitive and compound; in short, groping, through inspiration, the right way to eminence and fame. Of Copley's very early works, no better account can be rendered than that they were chiefly portraits and domestic groups, to which the wild wood scenery of America usually formed back grounds."

Although he exhibited for many previous years at Somerset House it was not until 1774 that Mr. Copley left America for Europe, and not until 1775 that he established himself in London. 'The death of Chatham' and 'the death of Major Peirson,' are the historical works on which his reputation principally rests. Mr. Copley was also much employed as a portrait painter; and Mr. Cunningham thus relates an amusing incident in his practice:—

"A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece: 'It wants but one thing,' said he, 'and that is the portrait of my first wife; for this one is my second.' 'But,' said the artist, 'she is dead, you know, sir; what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel.' 'Oh, no! not at all,' answered the other; 'she must come in as a woman—no angels for me.' The portrait was added; but some time elapsed before the person came back: when he returned he had a stranger lady on his arm. 'I must have another cast of your hand, Copley,' he said; 'an accident befell my second wife: this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture.' The painter complied; the likeness was introduced; and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady; she remonstrated: never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated."

VARIETIES.

From the Atlas.

What's in a name?—asks the poet. Sometimes nearly a whole alphabet. For example, the name of one of the signers of the recent Creek Treaty—Tuchebatchechadgo.

A difference.—One day, according to a New Orleans editor, the mails arrive and bring the papers. At another time he says—The northern and western mails are in, and bring—paper!

Boundless ambition.—The Malthusians, and those who, like Alexander, sighed for new worlds to subjugate, will be cheered by the bold design of some one at the seat of government, who has published "proposals for an Extra Globe."

We learn from Mobile, that Master Burke has closed a successful engagement by "a tremendous benefit." Being a little alarmed at this announcement, we looked into our Walker for some relief, and to our consternation and regret, found no other meaning to the epithet than "dreadful, horrible, astonishingly ter-

rrible." Poor Master Burke! may all actors take warning by your wretched fate.

The *Cholera*, one would think, had spread with sufficient rapidity and diffusion; but its actual strides have been far outstripped by its rumoured progression. Of late we have been told of its occurrence in Maine—next we hear of it in Upper Canada, and now we are assured that it has made its appearance on board an English ship at St. Christophers. "Coming events cast their shadows before."

CONUNDRUMS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I was tormented to death last night with the tooth-ache; the only momentary cessation of pain I experienced was while I composed the following conundrums, and laughed thereat.

What street in London puts you in mind of a tooth which has pained you for a length of time? *Long Acre!*

When should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth? When it is *a-king!*

By what ejaculatory exclamation would you declare that your tooth is pained you? It aches *by gum!*

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him *hold his jaw!*

In what town in Poland should you go to have it extracted? *Pulask!*

Which of your teeth are like a mantau-maker's fingers and thumb when she is cutting out a dress? *In cisors!*

When do your teeth usurp the functions of the tongue? When they are *chattering!*

Why is it, then, not to be wondered at that your teeth cause frequent disturbances in your mouth? Because they often make there *more than one row!*

But the row, which gave me the greatest delight, and after the making whereof I was so satisfied with myself, as to have well-nigh fallen asleep and forgotten my pain, was the following highly-classical conception:—

When does an aching tooth put you in mind of Paris, with his bow and arrow, giving Achilles his mortal wound? *When it shoots in the temple! Ha! ha! ha! Lit Gaz. 20th Mar. 1832 G. N. BROWNE.*

Trading Expedition to Africa.—We mentioned in our last, that one of the brothers of Lander, whose courage and perseverance have at length decided that great geographical problem, which has for so many ages excited and baffled the curiosity of mankind, namely the termination of the Niger, has been in Liverpool for some time, making arrangements for a second expedition into the interior of Africa. The object of the expedition is partly commercial and partly scientific. Two steamboats, one much less than the other, have been purchased, and loaded with British goods; and it is expected that with the smaller of them, Mr. Lander will be able to make his way many hundred miles up the Niger, and to carry on an extensive trade with the negroes on the banks of the river. The larger vessel will also be able to advance a considerable distance up the Niger. It is very well known that immense fairs, at which many thousands of persons assemble from the whole of central Africa, are held from time to time in the large towns on the banks of this river. The only European goods at present exposed for sale at these fairs, are brought from Tripoli across the desert on the backs of the camels, and owing to the expense and difficulty of this mode of transport they are brought in very small quantities and sold at extravagant prices. By means of the recently discovered mouths of the Niger, a much easier, safer, and cheaper entrance is furnished into central Africa. The use of steamboats on the African rivers is itself an interesting circumstance, and perhaps may in a few years produce a complete revolution in the habits of the people, at the same time that it opens new channels of trade and sources of wealth to this country, which will, we hope, compensate it for all the British wealth which has been spent, and all the British lives which have been sacrificed, in exploring the interior of the African continent. The country lying along the banks of the Niger, and the rivers which fall into Lake Tchad, is not inferior in fertility to the valley of the Nile itself; it yields the finest indigo, and indeed every product of tropical climates, and teems with population. We hope most sincerely that Mr. Lander's present expedition will be crowned with success, and that, after having had the honor of adding so greatly to the scientific reputation of England, he will be successful in establishing a commercial intercourse equally advantageous to his own country and to the immense regions which he has opened to European enterprise.—*Liv. paper.*

DIED, in Philadelphia, on the 23d ult. Mr. John Peters, aged 100 years, 6 months, and 23 days. This aged gentleman enjoyed, until the last four months of his life, all his faculties, and until the end of the last year was out attending to his business every day. He was born in Portugal, near Lisbon, and emigrated to this country shortly after the earthquake in 1755. At the commencement of the Revolution he was found among the patriots of the day, and assisted in throwing the tea into the river at Boston. He afterwards entered into the Army of the United States. He was at the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, in which he was wounded and lost one of his fingers. He was engaged in the battle of Monmouth and Princeton, and assisted in capturing the Hessians at Trenton. He was engaged in the capture of Burgoyne, and also of Cornwallis. He fought under Washington and Lafayette, at Valley Forge, where he was again wounded; and after serv-

ing during the whole war, after the peace of 1783, he was honorably discharged. He has ever since lived in Philadelphia.

The Lord Bishop of Durham has proposed to give £1,000 annually to the University about to be established in the city of Durham, in addition to £1,000 towards the first expenses, and a house for one of the professors; and the Rev. W. N. Darnel has given £200 to the University.

The Bishop of Winchester has subscribed three hundred pounds towards the repairs of St. Saviour's church, and to prevent the demolition of that sacred and beautiful relic of antiquity, the "Lady's Chapel," in which Gower, the poet, was buried.

GENERAL AGENTS.

Edmund Fowle, city of New York; Chester Wallbridge, Columbus, Ohio; Eschism & Norvell, Bookellers, Nashville, Tennessee; Wm. T. Williams, Bookseller, Savannah, Georgia; and Geo. W. Whitehead, Postmaster, Burford, Upper Canada.

The following persons will also receive subscriptions; and all Postmasters not enumerated in this list, to whom it may be agreeable, are requested to do so, and retain ten per cent. of the monies paid them, as a remuneration for their trouble:—C. Livingston, Hudson; Postmaster, Catskill; Tracey, Troy; Little, Albany; Clarke & Housford, Troy; J. H. Van Epps, Schenectady; A. A. McLean, Utica; J. W. Burge, Cazenovia; Edward Sims, Chittenango; N. Williams, Manlius; A. Abbott, Syracuse; Dep. Postmaster, Auburn; A. B. Clark, Ithaca; C. Davis, Ludlowville; L. Ever, Aurora; Herman Camp, Trumansburg; A. Gibbs, Ovid; C. A. Rose, Geneva; S. Clark, Watertown; J. S. Towar, Lyons; G. W. Dean, Clyde; D. Hill, Holly; M. W. Wilson, Palmyra; J. H. Hanks, Newark; A. E. Campbell, Putnam; B. A. Root, Brockport; Dep. Postmaster, Buffalo; Postmasters, Lewiston, and Youngstown—state of New York: Jonathan Coffey, Coffee House, Philadelphia; S. J. Sylvester, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Porter, 31 South-street, Baltimore; Garrett Anderson, Washington City; Postmaster, Alexandria; J. Baker, Fortress Monroe, Va.; C. Hall, Norfolk; Postmasters, Richmond and Petersburg, Va.; Postmasters, Fayetteville and Wilmington, N.C.; Postmasters and Booksellers, Charleston, Columbia, and Camden, S.C.; Richards & Ganahl, Augusta, Geo.; Postmasters, Milledgeville, Clinton, Macon, and Columbus, Geo.; Postmasters, Montgomery, Selma, and Clanton, Ala.; J. Morris & Smith, Mobile; E. Johns & Co., New Orleans; Postmasters, Plaquemine and Baton Rouge, La.; Natchez & Vicksburg, Miss.; Louisville, Ky.; A. Kennedy, Lexington, Ky.; O. E. Day, Painesville, Ohio; Postmaster, Detroit, Mich.; J. Van Pelt, Boston; John Balkin, Postmaster, Rollinsford; Hiram Faxon, Eastport, Maine; C. S. Young, St. John, N.B.; Hy. B. Allison, Miramichi, N.B.; J. Joseph, Prince, N.S.; Hy. Thompson, Exchange, Quebec; Hy. Hillock, Reading, N. Brunswick, L.C.; Hy. Jones, Postmaster, Brackville; D. Prentiss, Kingston; J. S. H. Ward, Postmaster, York, U.C.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 3d, Wm. Stodart, to Miss Sophia Elizabeth Cook.
On the 4th, Alexander J. Drysdale, to Miss Elizabeth Davidson.
On the 2d, Andrew C. Wheeler, Jr., to Miss Devera Baker.
On the 1st, Capt. John Willard, of Bristol, R.I., to Miss Margaret A. Stansbury.
On the 3d, Monsieur Perdreau, of France, to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Vreeland.
On the 5th, Theobald C. Lang, to Miss Catharine Norwood.
On the 5th, John Proshore, to Miss Elizabeth D. Miller.
On the 1st, Stephen Johnson, to Miss Margaret, daughter of James Walker, Esq.
On the 6th, Jonathan Thompson, to Miss Annetta Eliza Smith.
On the 3d, Samuel Jackson, to Miss Lindsay Brodie, daughter of John Brodie.
At Stormville, Dutchess co. Rev. William Cahoon, of Hyde Park, to Miss Sarah Ann Storm.
At Harlem, N.Y. Anthony Farrington, to Miss Isabella Duval.
At Albany, James W. Green, of N. York, to Miss Catharine Whitney.
At Kennebunk, Maine, Eben F. Osborn, of this city, to Miss Rachel F. Grant.
At Westfield, N.J. John Tooker, to Miss Hannah Freeman, both of Rahway.
At Philadelphia, Francis Lewis Bonaparte Crowski, of Poland, to Miss Maria Antoinette Pseudhomme, of Bordeaux, France.
At Batavia, John Foot, to Miss Georgiana H. Beebe.
At Manchester, Vt. John F. Sinclair, of New York, to Miss Myra, daughter of Gen. Magin Roberts, of the former place.
At Cherry Valley, Moses Belcher, merchant, to Miss Susan Roseboom.
At Albany, John A. Livingston, to Miss Louisa R. daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Bradford.
At Hartford, Tudor Adams, to Miss Susan Denslow.
At Portsmouth, Col. Gideon W. Walker, to Miss Margaret Stavers.
At Exeter, Charles P. Gale, Esq., Principal of the Adams Female Seminary in Derry, to Miss Martha, daughter of Col. Seth Walker.
At Cleveland, Ohio, S. Finch, Esq., of Kenyon College, to Miss Eliza M. Shepherd; and David F. Fuller, Esq. also of K. C., to Miss Catharine Shepherd.

DIED.

In this city, on the 4th, Mrs. Emeline Ives, wife of Edw. R. Ives, of Catskill, and daughter of Captain Aaron Cook, of Sagharbour.
On the 3d, Capt. Francis Banks, of the 1st Regt. Horse Artillery, aged 49.
On the 3d, John Manchester, aged 38.
On the 4th, Samuel P. Wallace, aged 33.
On the 3d, Margaret, relict of the late Robt. Fitzgerald, aged 35.
On the 2d, George Pierson, aged 21.
On the 6th, Miss Margaret Ann Earle, daughter of Cornelius Earle, aged 18.
On the 6th, Charles George Clinton Hale, son of Moses Hale, Esq.
On the 6th, P. Foster, teacher of the Classical School at No. 29 Provost-st., aged 27.
At Murrayville, Ga. Lt. Russell Baldwin, U.S. Navy, aged 38.
At Little York, Pa. Thomas Withnail, for many years an eminent minister in the society of friends.

At New Brunswick, N.J. Mary, wife of John Crawford, Esq., aged 61.
At New Orleans, Richard N. Black, of this city, aged 36 years.
At Albany, Mrs. Luckey, wife of the Rev. Samuel Luckey, formerly of this city.
At the University of Va. Arthur S. Brockenbrough, Esq. Proctor to the University.
At Palatine, Henry I. Frey, Esq. counsellor at law, aged 52.
At Norwich, Ct. Joseph Perkins, Esq. aged 73.
At Sterling, Mass. widow Esther Kendall, aged 93.
At Prairie du Chien, Col. Willoughby Morgan, of the 3d Infantry.
At Fulton, Oswego co. Hon. Joseph Eaton, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, aged 50.
At Henderson, Jefferson co. Hon. Joseph Hawkins, late a member of Congress, and formerly Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.
At Rochester, Ira West, aged 46; Mr. W. was the oldest merchant in that village, he having opened a store in the year 1812.
At Hartford, Alfred W. Gilbert, son of deacon Joseph B. Gilbert, aged 17.
At Fairfield, Mrs. Deborah Sturges, relict of the late Judge Sturges, aged 90.
At Norwich, Capt. Jabez Perkins, aged 37.
At Buenos Ayres, Lornian Forrest, aged 36; he was a native of Philadelphia, and brother of Edwin Forrest, tragedian.

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, Dentist, has removed his office from 299 1/2 to 303 Broadway, corner of Duane-st. Entrance in Duane-street. may 12. c.

FISHING TACKLE.

A General Assortment of articles in the above line, to be had of A. Osbury and Son, No. 77 William-st., corner of Liberty. may 12. c3m.

SCISSORS, NEEDLES, AND PENKNIVES. NEEDLES of all kinds, and of the best quality. Scissors and Penknives in great variety, of the most approved manufacturers, to be had at No. 77 William-st., corner of Liberty. may 12. c3m.

SUPERIOR GINGER BEER POWDERS.

THESE powders are the preparation of the most agreeable and wholesome beverage, which could be recommended for this season. They are prepared with particular care, and offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway. may 12.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William-st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of these ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing Fancy Articles, to his very choice and extensive stock of Park Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases, rich gilt and bronze Pocket Books, Card Cases, and Needle Books, all of which are finished in a superior style. N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

HAT AND CAP WAREHOUSE.

JAMES L. HOWE, 404 Broadway, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the favours he has received, and takes this opportunity to inform them that he has now on hand a new and splendid assortment of Hats and Caps, of the latest fashions, which he will sell on reasonable terms. april 7.

MERCHANTS' H. TEL. No. 108 Broad-street, including the block between Pearl and Water-sts. New York. Henry Thurston and Alexander P. Fonda, late of Troy, respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have become the lessees of the entire block, on Broad-street, comprising the establishment of the Merchants' Hotel, recently occupied by O. H. Williston, and opened the same for the reception of company. The establishment is already distinguished as one of the most spacious, airy, agreeable and convenient houses in the city—its location in the immediate vicinity of both business and pleasure, being within a few minutes' walk of the Exchange or Wall-street, and of the principal business houses on Pearl, Water and Front streets—the East River, the Battery, Bowling Green, and Broadway. The proprietors flatter themselves to make it desirable, independent of the many suites of rooms for private families, and are determined to devote their entire personal attention to the desires and the comforts of their patrons. May 7. 1832. THURSTON & FONDA.

SYLVESTER. 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 14 for 1832, drawn May 9—36 25 44 7 10 38 14 1 51.

Sylvester respectfully acquaints his patrons that he has again actually sold the capital, in the lottery drawn in this city last Wednesday—viz. comb. 14 96 52, the \$20,000 prize; it was sold to a young married couple; and it was only last Saturday Sylvester paid the \$30,000 capital. No other vendor ever had such success.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail must meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, New York. The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn: May 16—Class 15, \$16,000, 5,000, &c. \$5 Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York. S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y. Baltimore, Md. and Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. That valuable paper, the Reporter, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hobart-street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Coke of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and like use will admit for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, \$9 50 per chaldron of 36 by bulk (1 and 1 1/2 ton); Pictou Coals, \$11 50 per chaldron. From the yard—Sydney Coals, coarse, \$11 50 per chaldron; do, m. red, \$10 50 per do; do, screenings, \$7 per do; Pictou Coals, \$10 50 per do; and Coke \$11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Living & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Rostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 363 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Cedar and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan New-ton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton-street, Brooklyn. oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN 27 Broad-st.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail, 1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June. 1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct. 1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage. Cabin, \$100; second cabin, \$50; steerage, \$25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers. For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to E. MACOMBER, 164 Maiden lane, near South-st. N. York. may 9. c&i.

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12 1/2 cents. The low pressure steamboat John Jay, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May, until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5 1/2 A.M., 10 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7 1/2 A.M., 11 A.M., P.M., and 7 1/2 P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4 1/2 A.M., 9 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 5 1/2 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6 1/2 A.M., 10 1/2 A.M., 3 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal-street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdick's, West street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

No. 12 Fourth-st. Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

THE proprietor, of this Bath, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of Ladies only; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of selections, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, \$1; fifteen tickets, \$2 50; thirty-five tickets, \$5; and eighty tickets, \$10. may 9. c&i.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED BLACK LEAD PENCIL,

AND EVER POINT LEAD MANUFACTURER,

AND IMPORTER OF

FANCY ARTICLES,

No. 71 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

MEDICINE SPOONS, for administering food to medicine to children and invalids, to be had at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug & Chemical store, 303 Broadway, corner of Duane street, where Druggists may also obtain a supply, an invoice of which, having just been received.

FINE

POCKET-BOOKS.

GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—

(Principally for Bookkeepers.)

Wholesale and Retail,

By T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,

70 WILLIAM-STREET.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire good articles for retailing, will find it their interest to call and examine the quality and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at very reasonable prices, worthy the attention of those who desire a neat and good article. jan. 21.

WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has R. for sale a large assortment of Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

NEW COAL YARD.—R. & J. WESTER-

NELT respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have opened a Coal Yard corner of King and Greenwich streets, where they offer for sale on reasonable terms, Schuyllkill Coal of the best quality. Orders will be received at the store of Wetervelt & Denison, No. 65 Maiden lane, and at the Yard.

P. S. Lackawanna, Lehigh and Liverpool Coals for sale as above. Oct. 5.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (tartar,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentifrice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these Drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the savans of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed. JONATHAN DODGE, No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William-st. N. Y.

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P. BYRNE.

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